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READINGS AND RECITATIONS
No. 32

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WERNER'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS

No. 32

Monologues

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

STANLEY SCHELL

NEW YORK
EDGAR S. WERNER & CO.

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WHAT MONOLOGUE IS.

CHARLES BARNARD.

Written expressly for this book.

A great variety of meanings appear to be given to the word "monologue."

1. Any long speech or soliloquy given by one character in a story or play.
2. A story related by one person and to certain forms of recitations.
3. A performance by one person of any scene or selection from a play in which the performer assumes one or more characters.
4. A "variety sketch" or a confused collection of smart or amusing sayings.

To-day, the term monologue is applied to a comparatively new form of literary art. The correct definition of this use of the term is a story told in the first person by one character, who assumes that other and invisible characters are present, addressing them, and by appropriate words and actions making all they say and do clear to the audience. This form of monologue differs from the recitation in several particulars. A recitation may tell of past events. A monologue is a complete story of one or more events that take place during the time of the performance. It may only indirectly refer to anything that happened before the story begins. It is a complete fiction of a single transaction or of a connected series of transactions beginning and ending with the performance. It employs only one visible character, and all the other characters of the story are assumed to be present, though unseen. The performer does not introduce himself or herself or give any previous explanations, but appears as the character, and at the end leaves

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the stage platform without acknowledging the presence of the audience.

In many respects a monologue thus resembles a play. Scenery, costume, properties, and action are used to enhance the effect of the performance. The stage may be set as for a regular play and the curtain may "discern" the performer in the character of the story and may fall at the end on a "picture." It can also be given without a curtain and without scenery, employing only costume, furniture, properties and action. In this case, the performer enters and leaves the platform at the beginning and end of the performance.

All dramatic art is founded on a convention or unspoken but real agreement between the performers and the audience. The audience in a theatre agree to accept the actor as the imaginary character in the play. He may appear as a wholly impossible character, as the Invisible Prince in a fairy story. He is not invisible, but the audience accept the convention. In an opera house the audience accept the convention that the expiring tenor may die singing at the top of his voice. It is a convention that a painted ship is a real ship and that Macbeth's dagger is real to Macbeth. In like manner, it is a convention that the single character in a monologue should address wholly invisible characters that he assumes are present, though unseen by the audience. In effect, it is an appeal to the imagination of the listener, a suggestive picturing of the invisible before the minds of the audience.

Once accept the convention and the monologue becomes one of the highest and most artistic forms of entertainment. It is like an impressionist picture. The one character that is seen is clearly defined, the imaginary characters that appear to him are suggested or sketched lightly, as if they stood in a half light while the central figure of the picture stood in the full sunlight. This method of telling a story is highly imaginative, subtle, delicate and interesting. The listener hears the echo of many voices in one voice. He sees the effect of circumstances and events concentrated upon a single character. The interest is centered on the one mind and heart that is laid bare unconsciously, as it were, before the spec-

tator. The story is of necessity intensely personal. The experience of the hero or the heroine is vividly portrayed, because there is no other visible character to distract the attention or divide the interest.

Naturally enough, the giving of this form of platform story or monologue is far more difficult than any reading or recitation. It is not read or told. It is lived and acted, precisely as a play. It is an impressionist play and yet free from the cost and trouble of a dramatic performance. It is a story acted by one performer, a realistic experience of a human heart made visible and enhanced by all the art of modern dramatic literature.

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THE WAITER.

Romantic, Pathetic French Dialect Monologue for a Man.

GERTRUDE F. LYNCH.

CHARACTER: French Waiter.

COSTUME: Waiter Costume, with apron and towel.

STAGE-SETTING: Dining-room interior with tables, buffet, etc.; palms for decoration stand about the room.

SCENE: At rise of curtain waiter is discovered busy setting and arranging table. After a second of work he turns to audience and begins to talk. Throughout his monologue he talks and works and gestures.

ZEY say zat we have no heart an' zat all we care for ees ze tip, always ze tip. Eet ees not true. Listen!

You see zose table zere by ze buffet? Eet ees fine lok you get from zere to ze rivair w'ere ze boat go up an' down. Over zere ees ze hill of ze Jersey, an' outside ees ze fountain stock' wiz trout, big ones from ze—what you call ze mountain? Oh, yes, *merci,* ze Addyrohndak.

Zose are my table an' I have zem now long time.

Eet was monz's ago zey came for firs' time. She step out of ze carriage onto ze stone an' shake her dress wiz all ze littl' frills,

and zen she turn an' look at heem, oh, wiz such a smile; zen she lok 'round wiz such a smile, an' he, he lok so prou' an' pleas' like at her. I zought at ze commence zey were ze bride and groom, but I know after zey were not. How did I tell? Oh, but you know ze waiter can always tell, an' he don' know how eizer. Zere ees a somezing, a somezing quite different, oh, quite. No, zey were not ze man an' wife at all, zey were jus' frens, w'at you call, ze sweet heart, *n'est-ce-pas?*

She walk so light an' quick, like a bird, to ze balcon', an' she lok about an' aroun', and zen she clap her littl' hands an' she say, wiz her pret' smile, "Let us sit right here," an' she point out zis place an' zat, an' zen she sees the fountain an' she want to run right out an' catch her trout for dinner, an' he let her. She lok so like the pret' girl in my own countree zat my heart warm to her an' I come forward wiz my bes' manner. He say, "How's zis table, Georg'?" He call me Georg', but zat ees not my name. "Ees zis table w'at you call engage'?" and I say, "No," an' pull out ze chairs, an' zen he hurr' roun' ze table to help her take off her coat for fear I might do eet firs'. An' of course I stan' back until he han' it to me; zen I brush eet ver' careful, put eet across ze back of ze chair an' pull up ze sleeve. She smile at me sweet-like w'en I do zat, and zen she smile at heem an' zen she smile all aroun'. He give her ze carte, ze menu, you know, an' she order ze dinner, but he keep order'n more zings an' more zings, an' she try to stop heem, but he won' be stop, an' she laugh an' call heem names in fun like, you know. No, zey were not ze man an' wife, you see.

He was so big, an' dark an' handsome, an' wiz such a gentle lok w'en hees eye res' on her. Did he give me big tip? Yes, he give me ver' big tip, *c'est vrai,* but eet ees not always ze tip, I 'sure you. I like heem; he so *magnifique,* you call eet, an' a perfec' gen'leman, an' he zink so much of her.

Well, zey come again an' again; sometime' he telephone me: "Georg'," he say—he call me Georg', but zat ees not my name—"have ze table ready at such time," an' zey always come ze same way, she so smilin' an' he so happy.

Well, one night I rush t'rough ze room zere, an' I see a carriage at ze stone an' she gettin' out from eet. Eet ees not ze usual night zey come, an' he have not telephone me; an' zere ees someone else at zeir table, an' I don' know w'at ees to do. I lok again an' she ees smilin' at ze someone, but eet ees not ze same one; eet ees anozer man, an' zis one ees light an' has ze curl' hair all ovair ze head. She lok at me as zough she nevair see me again; you know ze way a woman lok w'en she come to ze restauran' wiz anozer man an' has ze same waiter. I don't seem to see her eizer, but I have a sort of queer feelin' about my hear', yes, I do; I tol you, eet ees not always ze tip.

Well, she come right up to her ol' table, wiz all her littl' ruffles flyin' an' she say to heem, "I like zis table bes'; let us sit right here, ze view ees so much ze bettair," an' she point eet out to heem jus' as she pointed out to ze ozer man; an' she laugh an' laugh, but some way ze laugh don't seem to come from ze same place as eet did before. An' he mor' serious zan ze ozer man, an' his smile don' seem to come from ze heart eizer; an' he lok 'roun' at ze ozer women, w'ich the big, dark man nevair did.

Well, ze people who sit at ze table, after she smile at zem, zey say, "We mos' t'rough; jus' a minit;" an' w'ile zey wait she go out to ze fountain an' catch ze trout. You know we keep eet stock so full all you have to do ees jus' to run a line t'rough an' a fly, an' ze fish are so anxious to be caught zat zey jus' jump to ze line, you know. After zey catch ze fish, zey come back an' he order ze dinner; he don' ask her to do eet, but she smile jus' ze same. Did he give me tip, too? Oh, yes, he give me tip, too. No, eet was not quite so big, but I don't like heem anyway. I tol' you eet ees not always ze tip, an' I have to take eet anyway. W'at could I do?—a poor waiter. He call me Georg', too. Strange how all ze Americains call ze waiter Georg'!

Well, zey come again, an' again, an' again, never have any ozer table; an' she always smilin', jus' as eef she hadn't been zere ze night before perhaps, wiz ze big, dark, handsome man.

You believe in w'at you call ze fate? I do. Eet got so after ze w'ile zat ze secon' man wiz ze curl' hair, you *comprenez,* would

tol' me to keep ze table for ze next week ze same night, always ze same, ze Wednesday. So, w'en ze day come, I turn back ze chair. Zen one Wednesday zis ees w'at happen. I was down ze town, way down on an erran' you call eet. I was walkin' long brisk-like w'en I see heem, my tall, fine, handsome fren', ze one she come wiz firs', you recallez?

I bows mos' perlite, but he don' recognize me at firs', wiz my hat on an' my apron off, an' he stop an' say, in zat gentle manner of his, "I don' seem to place you, my man. W'ere have I seen you?" An' I says to heem, "W'y, I'm Georg'. Don' you remember—your waiter?" My name isn't Georg', but I call mysel' so to recall me to hees remember. He laughs an' loks happy-like, jus' as eef seein' me had made heem zink of her, you know. He lok jus' like he lok w'en he lok at her. It is Wednesday, I tol' you zat, you remember? All of a sudden somezing wizin me makes me say to him: "Eef you should come to-night zere are some fresh trout, an' I would lok out for you specially." He stop an' zink an' he say, part to heemself, part to me, "Eet ees too late an' besides she always go to her aunt to-night, ze Wednesdays." Zen he zink again quick an' he speak up: "I'll come, an' be sure to catch me a nice, big fish yourself." Zen he say "Good-bye." Retainin' fee? W'at you call zat? Oh, a tip? Yes, he give me a tip, but you zink I keep zat tip. I tol' you, no. I give eet all to a beggar on ze nex' corner. I tol' you he ees a fine man, too fine to be—well, he go along, an' I feel like, like Pontius Pilate, was it, who betrayed hees Master? Well, some one of zose ol' Bible characters, anyway.

He came in an' he walk right to his ordinaire table an' see ze chair turn back. An' he stop an' say, disappoint' like, "Engage', Georg'?" I says, an' I can feel myself grow w'ite, "Yes, sir, eet ees engage' *ev'ry Wednesday.*" An' he say quick-like, "W'at! Ev'ry Wednesday, Georg', ze same ones?" An' I say, again, slowly, "Yes, sir, ze same ones, for long time now, sir."

He don' suspect an' he take ze table facin' ze chair she always sit in; an' I know from his face zat he's zinkin' of her an' zat eet ees jus' a gladness to lok at ze place an' zink he see her zere, like

ze nights she come to dine wiz heem. I feel so bad, but w'at could I do? He couldn't go on an' marry girl like zat who smile an' smile an' smile at all alike. He couldn't, could he? a fine man, like zat.

I hurried, for I did want to have heem have ze big trout befor' zey came, for I felt sure he wouldn't eat anyzin' afterwar'. He was jus' finishin' w'en zey came in, she leadin', wiz her pret' littl' ruffles flyin' in ze breeze, an' ze fluf' zing roun' her neck an' all her littl' gold curl' flyin', too. She has pink cheeks, like ze apple bloss'm in ze springtime, an' littl' tiny hands all cover' wiz sparkles; she nevair wear ze glove, but her sleeve lace come down an' near cover' zem.

She don' see him for w'ile; she lok out at ze rivair an' she poin' to ze sun w'ich sets ovair ze Jersey shore, an' she laugh right out loud at a littl' tug comin' up ze Hudsohn wiz a great big tow; she laughs at eet again an' again, an' tell heem it lok like someone zey bot' know—I did not catch ze name but ees no matter. Zen she sit down an' unwrap ze fluf' zin from her t'roat, an' she smile at ze man wiz ze curl' hair, an' zen at me, an' zen 'roun' every-w'ere, an' zen—she see *heem.*

She went w'ite all once. I t'ought at ze firs' she was goin' to faint, but she pluck' game zat littl' miss. She rally an' she lok at heem an' bow gravely as eef to some ordinaire acquaintance, an' zen she talk an' laugh wiz ze man wiz ze curl' hair. An' all at once I know zat she don' care a littl' beet for heem, but zat she do care, oh, lots, for ze big, fine man—my fren'. How I know? Oh, you can't tell how you know zose zing, you jus' know, zat ees all.

How he take eet? Oh, he only give zat one long lok, an' zen he turn his face away a littl' an' he lok out on ze rivair for consider'bl' minute. Zen he beckon me an' say, "Georg', get me a bottl' of wine," an' I run to get eet; an' he sit an' drink one glass after ze ozer,—you know ze way a man does w'en he's makin' hees min' up to somezing zat hurts an' he ain't quite strong enough to do eet wizout some, w'at you call ze Dutch courage. He drink ze bottleful, an' she watch heem out of ze cornair of her littl' eye.

She don' eat—only preten' to; an' her face don' get back ze color, no, not at all; eet ees jus' pale an' peak like a sick chil'.

But ze ozer man, ze man with the curl' hair, he don' notice anyzing but hees dinner. He eat, eat, an' don' see zat she don' hardly touch hers. An' my fren' he don' lok at her again after zat firs' glance, but he lok on ze rivair an' ze Jersey way till ze sun set an' ze hill begin to grow big an' gray an' ze twilight creep ovair to our side of ze Hudsohn and zey turn on ze electric. Zen he get up slow', like an ol' man—I tol' you how quick he used to move—an' he take up his hat, an' he beckon me an' say, "Good-bye, Georg'," an' shake hands wiz me. Zen he go wizout one glance back, proud like, an' eet ees ze las' time.

Did he give me tip? Yes, he give me big tip, a five-dol'r, but do you zink I spen' eet? No, sir, I give eet to my church the nex' Sunday.

Oh, she? Yes, zey come a few time more, zen zey marry an' I don' see zem for long time; zen he come once in w'ile alon', an' once she come wiz heem, but she don' smile no more an' he quite cross to her 'cause she don' care for ze ver' expensive dinner he give her.

LOST AND FOUND.

CHARACTERS: MR. SMITH, Speaker, present; MR. JONES supposed to be present.

SCENE: On the street. Enter MR. SMITH and MR. JONES, SMITH apparently in earnest conversation with MR. JONES. Stops at stage C. and begins his real conversation.

YOU remember that very handsome watch I lost five or six years ago? You do? You remember how I looked high and low for it, and could not find it anywhere? Was my search diligent—exhaustive? I should say it was. Well, yesterday, I put on an old waistcoat that I hadn't worn for years, and what do you think I found in the pocket? My watch? I thought you'd say that. No—I found the hole that I must have lost it through.

HER FIRST RECITAL.

Humorous and Romantic Monologue for a Woman.

ANNA M. PHILLEY.

Written expressly for this book.

CHARACTERS: DOROTHY, Speaker present; MR. ROSE, MR. HARRY ROSE and MISS PHELPS, supposed to be present.

COSTUME: Outdoor costume.

SCENE: Music room, interior. Enter DOROTHY, looking all fagged out.

OH, dear me, I never was so tired in all my life! I'm just dead tired, as papa says, and as hungry as a bear! I'm going to get off my things and make a bee line for the pantry. Why, what is this? A note addressed to me! Why, that looks like Miss Phelps's writing. Oh! I wonder if she has gotten me that appointment to give a recital! I'm so excited and nervous I can hardly get the thing open. [*Reads.*]

"My Dear Dorothy:" [*Looking at signature.*] Yes, Mary B. Phelps, that's she. "I have succeeded in our little scheme. You are to give a recital all by yourself at Highland Park, next Friday evening, June 20th, at Music Hall, under the auspices of the High School Club. Mr. Harry Rose, who has come here recently from three years' study abroad, a violinist, will furnish two violin solos to relieve you. Aside from this, you will be responsible for the entire program. They have agreed to pay you five dollars and expenses. Come to my studio this evening at 7:30, and I will tell you more about it. In the meantime practice your strong selection, 'As the Moon Rose,' and the pantomime, 'Comin' thro' the Rye.'

In haste yours,
"MARY B. PHELPS."

[*Dances about room.*] Oh! isn't this glorious! Miss Dorothy Dunlap will give a recital. Ahem! and I'm going to get five dol-

lars. Well, five dollars is not to be sneezed at. I can get a good many things with five dollars. [*Refers to note again.*] Oh! Miss Phelps, you're an old darling! Let me see what she says about that young man. [*Reads.*] "Mr. Harry Rose, violinist, will furnish"—Harry Rose—Harry is rather a common name—wonder why he don't have people call him Henry; that's more dignified, and I like the name better, too; and "Rose" sounds girlish. Let's see—what was it Shakespeare said about a name? [*Knocks on forehead.*] Oh, yes, "What's in a name, a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Well, I hope he's a genius and not a dandy dude. Now, what was I to practice? [*Reads again.*] "Practice your strong selection, 'As the Moon Rose,' and your pantomime, 'Comin' thro' the Rye.'" But I must tell mamma about the good news first. [*Calling up stairs.*] Mamma! Mamma! I've got my engagement! Why, over to Highland Park. Yes, I'm to receive five dollars. Next Friday evening. Yes, I'm going to practice right away. No, I'll practice right here in the library. [*To herself.*] Well, I must get off my things and work hard now for an hour at least. [*Takes off wraps while talking.*] My! won't Barbara Burris be jealous? She's been taking lessons of Miss Phelps longer than I have. She'll be as "jealous as a barbary cock pigeon over his hen," as Rosalind said.

[*Picks up note again mumbling.*] Harry Rose—Harry Rose—I can't help wondering what sort of a fellow you are, Mr. Harry. I'd give a good deal to know whether you are married or single! Well, I must settle down to biz! I wonder how Dorothy Dunlap looks, now she's booked for a recital. [*Looks in hand-mirror.*] Hello! Miss Dorothy! same old girl, aren't you? You must primp up a little, now that you've an engagement as a reader. You're not what folks call pretty, but you have brains, and brains count for more than beauty any day, but I wish I were beautiful, just the same. I think a little dash of Mennen's might help you out somewhat. You must make a good impression on young Harry, or maybe he's *old* Harry—how do I know? Anyway, first impressions are the most enduring, so we'll do our best, won't we, "Dear Daughter Dorothy," as mamma says?

Now for "As the Moon Rose." [*Practices a couple of lines;** *then suddenly stops and says:*] I wonder how I look when I'm speaking—there's a whole lot in the way one looks. [*Thinking.*] I have it—There! [*Places mirror on chair in front of her, then makes an elaborate bow.*] Oh! I've got a stitch in my side, em! how it hurts! Dear me! but wouldn't it be awful to get a pain like that right on the stage before a crowd of people? I guess I'll make a more modest bow. I think it looks better, anyway. Let's see, where was I? Oh, yes. [*Goes on with selection. Then stops suddenly.*] I don't believe I need as much practice on that as I do on the pantomime. I'm going to practice that awhile. Dear me! but I'm hungry; but I haven't time to eat; I can chew gum, though, and pantomime at the same time. "Kill two birds with one stone." What did I do with my gum last night? [*Hunts around edge of table and finally finds gum in handkerchief; makes great ado getting it limbered up; then hums melody of "Comin' thro' the Rye," pantomiming as she hums, and chewing gum rapidly and audibly. Just as she finishes the chorus the telephone bell rings.*]

There goes the telephone! I wonder what's wanted? [*Answers 'phone.*] Hello! Yes, oh, yes; oh, Miss Phelps, you're a darling! Oh, I thought you wanted me to come to your studio. You've decided 'twould be better to come here instead? All right. Beg pardon. Oh, are you? And you're going to bring the violinist with you? When will you come? Oh, right away; dear me! Oh, yes, yes, it's all right, certainly, only I'm just a little excited, that's all. Sure, it's all right. Good bye! Good bye!

[*Picks up mirror and talks to herself.*] Now, Miss Dorothy, do your best, your level best to make a good impression. [*Fixes hair, powders face.*] You're going to meet a man, an artist, a genius, maybe your fate, so beware!

[*Sadly.*] But I don't believe I'll ever love any one as I did —my! I thought I heard some one coming. I s'pose I may expect them now any minute. Bother! if I could just make my heart stop thumping so loudly. I wonder if I've got heart disease. I

* See bottom of page 27 for lines from "As the Moon Rose."

know it isn't sentiment or fear—I'm just a little nervous, that's all. I'm going to turn down the gas real low and sit here in this window and watch. I'll have the advantage of them then; I can see them but they can't see me. Ah, ha, Master Harry, I'll catch the first glimpse.

[*Sits near window straining eyes, still chewing gum.*] Dear me! I must hide this gum, or Miss Phelps will be shocked; she thinks it unladylike to chew gum. I believe they are now coming down the walk. Yes, that's Miss Phelps; I know her gait. My, but he's tall and handsome! Oh, they're going on. Oh, now I see; it's Dr. Mayfair and his mother. I never thought she and Miss Phelps were a bit alike before. Well, if I've got to wait I'll improve the time. [*Chews gum nervously; then calls up stairs.*] Yes, mother, I'm practicing. [*Aside.*] Practicing chewing. [*Looks out again.*]

There! that is surely Miss Phelps. Yes, it is, and they're coming right up the steps. Why, he walks a little lame. Oh, dear, I must get rid of this gum. [*Dashes round room, turns on gas, and stands in front of door.*] Now, ring the bell. Why don't you ring? I'll peep through the key-hole. [*Just as she does this the bell rings.*] Whee! but that's hard on ear-drums. [*Opens door.*] Good morning, Miss Phelps, and this is Mr. Rose? [*Aside.*] My! what an old duffer! Old enough to be my grandfather. I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Rose. [*Aside.*] But would have been more delighted were you forty years younger. Here, have this chair, Mr. Rose; and Miss Phelps, please make yourself at home. Where is your violin, Mr. Rose? Oh! I supposed you were the gentleman who was to play for me. Indeed! Your son—Oh, I'm so glad—I mean—or—a—— Beg pardon? No, Miss Phelps, my mother is not well; she is suffering with a sprained ankle. Oh, certainly you may see her if you like; she is up stairs in the sitting-room. Oh, Mr. Rose desires to see her? You and my mother old school-mates? Is it possible? Why, how very funny.

[*Calling up stairs.*] Mamma! an old friend of yours is coming up to see you—an old school-mate. He knew you in England.

Wait till he comes, and see if you know him. Go right up, Mr. Rose; it will be all right. [*Pantomime watching Mr. Rose depart.*]

Say, Miss Phelps, when is the young man coming? Why, that must be he now. You answer the bell; I'm so excited and nervous. I'll slip into the back parlor until I get my breath. [*Picks up mirror and powder as she goes.*] Now, Dorothy Dunlap, behave yourself. You are acting like a great simpleton, and here you are a young woman almost nineteen, and booked for a recital! I'm ashamed of you. There he comes, now. Why, how familiar his step sounds. I could almost swear it was Henry St. Clair's step. I'll just peep through these curtains and see what sort of a looking fellow he is.

[*Dashing out in great surprise.*] Why, Henry St. Clair! What are you doing here? I thought you were in Europe! Let me go, sir; don't you remember how we parted just three years ago? I said then I'd never speak to you again, and I wouldn't if—well, if I had not been so excited. Besides, I'm expecting a Mr. Harry Rose here any minute to—— *You* are Harry Rose? I don't believe it. Well, explain yourself, if you can. Oh, I see; how sad, how very sad; and your parents both died within a month, and this Mr. Rose adopted you, and educated you in music? And what brought you here? A visit to the homeland, and with *me?* Can we be friends again? Well, Henry, since you've come so far, and confessed so much, we will be friends—until, well, until after the recital, at any rate. Miss Phelps! [*Calling.*] Why, where has she gone? I presume she thought war was declared and she'd better get out of the way of the shots. Oh, Miss Phelps! come back! The war is over and the coast is clear. Yes, we've made up and it's time for our rehearsal now. Come on.*

*"Now upon this June day in the year of our Lord 1780, the patriots were gathered outside the tavern door—the witch-girl Judith apart from the rest, her black horse 'Fonso tugging impatiently at her arm—and Grandame Pettibone's voice rose shrilly above the babble. 'Hiram won't be back to-night, I guess, and he's already three days overdue. It's pretty dangerous work, carrying Washington's messages, but he's bound to get along in the world, Hiram is; and that witch-girl Judith fools herself in thinking the lad cares for her. Why, I know he's another sweetheart in Boston town.' The girl took a step forward to answer back hotly, then"

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Dramatic Monologue in Verse for a Man.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF GAZZOLETTI BY ADAM RONDEL.

[The original of the following poem was recited before crowded audiences by the elder Salvini on several occasions during his American tour. Attired in the costume of this "hero of two worlds," his powerful form bent as though with the weight of years and of the heavy chains that bound his feet and hands, the great tragedian moved his hearers to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The poem was given to the translator by Salvini's private secretary and prompter, who venerates the worn little pamphlet for the many associations it enfolds of this great master of "the greatest of all arts."—A. R.]

CHARACTER: COLUMBUS.

COSTUME: Half-worn costume following style pictured in all illustrations of Columbus.

SCENE: Interior of a cell. COLUMBUS standing weighted with chains.

FORLORN, alone and old—I die. Alas!
My life, in hardships passed, in sorrow ends.
But heaven vouchsafed to me 'midst all my woes
One joy so great, that every grief because
Of it seemed a delight; for sending forth
A ray of His eternal light upon
The world, God turned to Italy and spoke
In graciousness to me: "O fearless one,
Go find a pathway toward the setting sun."

And opening my eyes upon the West,
I saw what seemed a new world rising up
From out the waves. Wide-reaching forest lands
Of trees unknown; great rivers; plains immense;
And various beasts; and birds of plumage rare;

And all the luscious fruits that India yields,
The envy and desire of Northern lands;
The seas were rich with pearl, the hills with gold.
"Go forth, return and tell what thou hast seen,"
I heard the voice speak in my ear. Alas!
I have no wealth; no sail spreads out at my
Command—and nothing have I but a thought.

I brought my heavenly inspiration to
The crowned ones of the earth and asked of them
A little of their wealth. Alas! alas!
Through long and weary years I plead with them,
But they derided me, misunderstood.
I hardly understood myself—I saw.
Pray bring me closer to the casement there.
Take not from my unhappy, hung'ring eyes
The sight of the bright sea—the sea, a short
While since, so infinite; no longer so,
Since I with new-found shores have shut it in.
The sea, the sea, my kingdom and my friend,
My glory and the hope of my best years!
Once more let me salute it, then unfurl
The sails: I'll voyage on to find that shore
Uncertain and unknown, more distant far,
Of which no tidings may I bring to you.

So smooth it was, so joyous and so blue,
When fearless first I cast myself upon
Its open, sunlit, pulsing breast, and saw
What eye of man had never seen. With dire
And fearful terrors and with monsters dread
Man's superstition filled it. *I* feared not—
Nor hesitated long. Fly on, my bark!
And if my heart beat high, it was with dread
Lest they, my tim'rous men should courage lack
To bear our purpose to its perfecting.

Fly on, my bark! No hostile omens shall
Thy wingèd course arrest: land lies beyond—
I see it in my swift, out-running thought.
Faint-hearted ones, take courage! Land is near!
And soon our bark will touch the beauteous shore.
Heaven aids our daring enterprise with winds
Propitious and with soft, caressing waves.

. . . . .

Day follows weary day till months are gone
And still no trace of land is visible;
But sky and sea around us and above,
While pallid faces tell all hope is lost.
And I, what can I do? Must I with my
Sparse gold their dull souls bribe? They'll heed naught else,
New stars are leading me on unknown seas.
"Give me but three days more, and then, if still
'Tis vain we hope—I'll yield me up to you."

Behold from out the west great clouds of birds
In rapid flight.
Sea-weed and curious leaves and plants adrift
From stranger shores.
Breaks through the eternal silence of the sky
A fervent cry:
"The land! the land!"—Oh, who can tell my joy?
The land at last!
A light descried across the misty night
Confirms our hope:
And hands are strong and hearts are light once more
As on we go.
The bright day comes and crimson is the sea.
Was it a dream?
Ah, no, it lies within our sight at last—
The longed-for land!
A beauteous maid bedecked in green and gold
On billowy couch,

Sparkling and fair to see, a guerdon paid
To valorous knight;
A bride as fair as hope—more fair than I
Had dared conceive.
The sun creeps up—the lurking shadows flee—
And lo! she laughs
From very joy of life.
Now furl the sail—let down the boats, O land!
At length I kiss thy longed-for shores; at last,
O heavenly inspiration not in vain
Believed in, I my greeting bring to thee!

. . . . . .

The great work is completed. Am not I
Lord of my lands and of the sea? But where
My subjects and my palaces, my gems,
My laurels, and, O king, thy promises?

Within thy palace, the Alhambra, throned—
Granada, vanquished, lying at thy feet—
A wandering Italian came to thee,
A man oppressed beneath the burden of
His thoughts and gray before his time. A tired
And sickly child clung to his hand. Grandees
And princes high in rank and captains brave
Stood there 'mid all the splendor ancient Spain
Could boast. What said to thee, O Ferdinand,
The unknown Genoese? "O Sire," he said,
Nor was there quiver of his lip—"O Sire,
Fate gave thee Aragon and love Castile,
And war the kingdom of the Moors. But I
Would give thee more than fate, or love, or war,
Than Aragon, Granada or Castile—
Far more—a world! I went and I returned.
Unlooked for I returned, O king, with gems
And gold from thy new kingdom, won without

The shedding of a drop of blood or sound
Of battle cry. And when I proudly showed
The proofs of my discovery to thee,
Thy haughty councillors and learned men,
Thou saidst to these, thy courtiers: "Genius is
A spark of the Divine—above all kings!
Uncover in its presence, O Grandees
Of Spain!"

Can I this same Columbus be,
Forgotten, poor, and driven from place to place?
Without a home, where he may even die,—
Is he discov'rer of the world, while all
Of Europe feasts and revels in the gold
Whose sources he made known?

Oh, do not tell
Posterity this infamy, nor say
That these old arms the impress bear of chains,
Nor that I lived imprisoned where I once
Had walked a conqueror. O cruel Fate,
If it was written in thy book that such
A service should be paid in coin so poor,
Then God be thanked that such reward came not
From Italy. Ah, well! 'tis done, 'tis done!

Behold the fair land reeks and smokes with blood!
Oh, horrid crimes! Lo! swords are buried deep
In brothers' hearts defenceless. . . . Such was not
Columbus' thought when he became your guide,
Beneath the banner of the Holy Cross
Which ye have so defiled with massacres
And made the very pretext for your sin.
What passion moves you, men, that gold does not
Suffice—that ye must have the warm life-blood
Of brother men? If this be valor, what

Is cowardice? Oh, hide the vision dread—
The pain that all unwittingly I've caused.

. . . . . .

I am resigned. O sea! the sight of thee
Brings to my heart remorse: both innocent,
And yet accomplices in all these great
Misfortunes. Time will come when all the crime
Beneath the dust of centuries will rest,
And from this new-found world will come at last
As much of good as evil came at first.
And then my name by unborn races will
Be blest—the praise more glorious because
So late. I die content. Columbus will
Be known in every clime and men rise up
To do him reverence.

A LITTLE MOTHER'S TRIALS.

BESSIE B. McCLURE.

[*A little girl with infant doll in her lap, one in a cradle and others seated on chairs or couch.*]

OH, dear! I'm in such trouble—
Sophia's sick abed,
And Rosalind is dreadful cross
Because she bumped her head;
Belle's torn her nice new apron,
The naughty, careless child!
And Rob is so mischievous
He nearly sets me wild:
The baby, too, is teething,
And so, of course, he cries;
Dear me! It's hard to manage
A family of this size.

JIMMY BROWN'S PROMPT OBEDIENCE.

Comedy Monologue for a Small Boy.

W. L. ALDEN.

[*Enter* JIMMY BROWN *in hesitating fashion, shuffles along, stops and looks at fingers, then talks direct to audience.*]

I HAVEN'T been able to write anything for some time. I don't mean that there has been anything the matter with my fingers so that I couldn't hold a pen; but I haven't had the heart to write of my troubles. Besides, I have been locked up for a whole week in the spare bedroom on bread and water, and just a little hash or something like that, except when Sue used to smuggle in cake and pie and such things, and I haven't had any penanink. I was going to write a novel while I was locked up by pricking my finger and writing in blood with a pin on my shirt; but you can't write hardly anything that way, and I don't believe all those stories of conspirators who wrote dreadful promises to do all sorts of things in their blood. Before I could write two little words my finger stopped bleeding, and I wasn't going to keep on pricking myself every few minutes; besides, it won't do to use all your blood up that way. There was once a boy who cut himself awful in the leg with a knife, and he bled to death for five or six hours, and when he got through he wasn't any thicker than a newspaper, and rattled when his friends picked him up just like the morning newspaper does when father turns it inside out. Mr. Travers told me about him, and said this was a warning against bleeding to death.

Of course you'll say I must have been doing something dreadfully wrong, but I don't think I have; and even if I had, I'll leave it to anybody if Aunt Eliza isn't enough to provoke a whole company of saints. The truth is, I got into trouble this time just through obeying promptly as soon as I was spoken to. I'd like

to know if that was anything wrong. Oh, I'm not a bit sulky, and I am always ready to admit I've done wrong when I really have; but this time I tried to do my very best and obey my dear mother promptly, and the consequence was that I was shut up for a week, besides other things too painful to mention. This world is a fleeting show, as our minister says, and I sometimes feel that it isn't worth the price of admission.

Aunt Eliza is one of those women that always know everything, and know that nobody else knows anything, particularly us men. She was visiting us, and finding fault with everybody, and constantly saying that men were a nuisance in a house and why didn't mother make father mend chairs and whitewash the ceiling and what do you let that great lazy boy waste all his time for? There was a little spot in the roof where it leaked when it rained, and Aunt Eliza said to father, "Why don't you have energy enough to get up on the roof and see where that leak is? I would if I was a man—thank goodness I ain't." So father said, "You'd better do it yourself, Eliza." And she said, "I will this very day."

So after breakfast Aunt Eliza asked me to show her where the scuttle was. We always kept it open for fresh air, except when it rained, and she crawled up through it and got on the roof. Just then mother called me, and said it was going to rain, and I must close the scuttle. I began to tell her that Aunt Eliza was on the roof, but she wouldn't listen, and said, "Do as I tell you this instant, without any words; why can't you obey promptly?" So I obeyed as prompt as I could, and shut the scuttle and fastened it, and then went down-stairs, and looked out to see the shower come up.

It was a tremendous shower, and it struck us in about ten minutes; and didn't it pour! The wind blew, and it lightened and thundered every minute, and the street looked just like a river. I got tired of looking at it after a while, and sat down to read, and in about an hour, when it was beginning to rain a little easier, mother came where I was, and said, "I wonder where sister Eliza is; do you know, Jimmy?" And I said I supposed she was on the

roof, for I left her there when I fastened the scuttle just before it began to rain.

Nothing was done to me until after they had got two men to bring Aunt Eliza down and wring the water out of her, and the doctor had come, and she had been put to bed, and the house was quiet again. By that time father had come home, and when he heard what had happened—— But, there! it is over now, and let us say no more about it. Aunt Eliza is as well as ever, but nobody has said a word to me about prompt obedience since the thunder-shower.

'MEMBER.

'MEMBER, awful long ago—
'Most a million weeks or so—
How we tried to run away.
An' was gone for 'most a day?
Your Pa found us bofe—an' nen
Asked if we'd be bad again—
An' we promised, by-um-by,
Do you 'member? So d' I.

'Member when I tried to crawl
Frough vat hole beneaf your wall,
An' I stuck, becuz my head
Was too big? Your Muvver said,
When she came to pull me frough,
S'prised you didn't try it, too.
An' you did it, by-um-by.
'Member? Do yuh? So d' I.

'Member when your Muvver said
'At she wisht I'd run an' do
All ve mischief in my head
All at once, an' get it frough?
S'pose we did, why, maybe ven
We could do it all again!
Guess we could if we should try—
Will y', sometime? So'll I.

WHY THE DOG'S TAIL WAS SKINNED.

French Canadian Dialect Comedy Monologue for a Man.

Arranged as a monologue expressly for this book by Stanley Schell.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED: THE FRENCH CANADIAN, owner of the dog, Speaker, present; CAMPERS, supposed to be present.

COSTUME: Rough camper's costume.

STAGE-SETTING: Camp fire scene.

SCENE: Campers supposed to be lying about camp fire near stage center.

[*Enter* THE FRENCH CANADIAN *with a supposed dog following at his heels. He occasionally glances at the dog as he slowly crosses stage from R. rear to front center, apparently moving around several men. He sits quietly, lights his old pipe, smiles a little as he seems to be listening to what they are talking about, nods head and smiles again, takes a long puff as if deeply thinking; then, as if satisfied with the result of his reflections, settles back comfortably, motioning to his dog to lie at his feet. Then takes another long puff at pipe and watches the smoke go off as he slowly begins to talk.*]

YOU men's bin ask me w'at for ah'm skeen ze dog's tail. Ah'm tell you. [*Another long puff at pipe and the same slow process of watching the smoke curl away.*] Ah'm skeen heem for money, skeen heem fer cinque dollar, fer ev'ry hair een heem tail, an' more, too. Let me tell.

Ze dog heem bin no good, jes' lay 'roun' camp in ze sun an' bite, bite, bite fer ze flea. Heem geet dir-ty, an' heem eye bin geet red, lak heem bin on beeg, long, booze. Ze boss heem com' 'long one day an' heem say: "Eh, Eli, you lazy Frenchman, you tak' Carlo down stream behin' ze bateau an' w'en you bin geet heem clean you tak' heem ashore an' keel heem dead, an' deeg hol' an'

hide heem from ze eyes of me. Eef you don't do eet, Ah'm keek you out ze place."

'Fraid? Yes, he one, big, strong man. So, Ah kem down. Carlo heem com' 'long 'hind ze bateau an' splash, splash, like zis [*makes movements with his hands to show how Carlo did*] in ze water, lak heem bin tickle 'most 'ter bin die. [*From now on he grows more and more earnest, gesticulating frequently, occasionally looking closely into the men's faces.*]

Yas, heem stay in 'long time. Heem hav' fin' bully time. An' Ah'm say to heem: "Carlo, you bin goin' geet yourself keeled pretty kveek. Look lak you was sad, Carlo; eet was you' las' chance, sure." An' ze dog wag heem tail more fas' an' laugh out heem eyes an' say ha-ha in heem t'roat, jes' sam' heem go on ze peekneck w'at ze Yankee folks tak' w'en zey want geet drunk.

Understand? Heem un'stand ev'ry zing.

Bimeby, w'en Ah'm bin tow heem two mile, an' t'ink heem geet sam' ez clean, Ah tak' heem ashor' an' geet ready fer keel heem.

Dog look? Heem look sad al' time. Heem seemed to know.

Soon we go by ze shore. Ze sun bin shin' in ze sky lak' heem hav' good tam', ze water seeng on ze rocks, lak' heem glad, Carlo wag heem tail—weef, weef, weef—sam' heem bin leef mos' all ze tam'.

Some'ow, Ah hear ze noise on ze racks an' bin theenk w'at mak' ze chunk-chunk. Ah look, an' sure ez you leef, sure ez Ah'm tell you, Carlo, heem tail bin all boonched an' broke een ze clam shells, w'at grab on ze hair heem tail w'en Ah tow heem enn Ripogenus Rips—twenty, t'irty, er hun'er' clams all grab fas' ter Carlo—heem tail—an' all hol' on lak they bin goin' tak er ride.

Preety beeg clam story? Een coorse eet is. W'at you t'ink?

W'at Ah'm do now, you bin t'ink? W'at you do, you bin in ze place Ah vas bin? You don't know?

Carlo heem bin good dog, lazy, lak any dog, lak you an' Ah'm bin eef you an' Ah'm bin dog. But heem no bad dog 'nuf make heem die 'long ze clams. So Ah'm bin t'ink, an Ah tak' ze knif' an' Ah'm bin whe-e-tle ze clams away, takin' some ze hair erlong

ze clams, but hav' ze tail all sleek, lak eet bin new. Carlo heem stan' steel an' wait fer ze clams fall off, lak er horse w'en you bin tak' off ze mud. Kveek ez Ah'm bin done Carlo heem joomp all over mah he'd an' leek mah face, sam' heem bin tickled mos' ready ter die.

Ah do? Ah'm hav' spell ter t'ink right now. Eef Ah keel Carlo, heem bin dead all tam. No more chase ze rabbit, no more tree ze 'coon. Ez Ah'm bin theenk Ah open ze clams—cut, cut ev'ry tam lak eet cut ze heart.

Ze firs' clam heem bin beeg—heem shell ho' seex fingers ze wheesky, an' w'en Ah'm bin cut heem two doors open, Ah fin' ze leetle shine gravel een heem. Eet bin sam' size ze bean w'at ze cook geev ze mans in ze camp, an' eet bin hard an' shine lak ze oil lamp, w'en Ah'm bin touch ze match ter heem. Ah see w'at heem vas ze firs' tam Ah look.

Vat eet vas? Heem bin ze beeg pearl w'at ze Yankeemans buy, an' Ah say eef Ah'm bin fin' more pearl, Ah'm buy Carlo an' keep heem sam's heem bin my dog.

Did Ah fin' any? Nex' shell hol' no pearl—jes' lak clam, no more. W'en Ah'm open seex clam Ah'm bin fin' two more pearl, an' keep on, so w'en Ah'm bin done Ah hav' ze wheesky glass full ze pearl.

Pearl story all right? You no b'live?

Go on? Yas, zat's w'at Ah deed. Ah runned back ze camp an' say ze boss: "W'at heem tak' for Carlo heem skeen?" An' ze boss say:

"Skeen heem eef you want to, an' hurry back to work eef you don' want to lose you' own skeen."

Nex' day w'en Ah see ze boss, heem say: "Eli, you black Cannucker, w'at for you no keel ze dog?"

An' Ah say: "Ah'm bin buy ze skeen w'at Carlo wear. You sell heem?"

"Oui, you may hav' heem now—tak' heem," ze boss say, but ze skeen is no good till you bin tak' heem off.

"Ah'm bin lak' Carlo bes' w'en heem skeen iss on heem," say me. An' Ah zen show ze boss ze pearl an' bin tell heem ze story,

an' ze boss heem laugh an' say Ah'm bin ze mos' rascalous scounderl heem bin see een seex year.

Na, heem keep his bargain. He no tak Carlo. He mine.

So Ah, Carlo an' Ah go to ze river an' geet ze pearls—beeg, beeg, beeg ones. He do better ev'ry day an' zat ees why Ah skeen hees tail. [*Rises and starts toward exit. Stops.*]

How much I mak'? No, Ah canno' say dat. An' Ah see Carlo now an' so Ah mus' go fin' ze pearls—an' mak' my Carlo sinks he's gettin' cleaned once more. [*Exits, waving hand.*]

THE STUTTERING LOVER.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

I lu-love you very well,
Much mu-more than I can tell,
With a lu-lu-lu-lu-love I cannot utter;
I kn-know just what to say
But my tongue gets in the way,
And af-fe-fe-fe-fe-fection's bound to stutter!

When a wooer wu-wu-woos,
And a cooer cu-cu-coos,
Till his face is re-re-red as a tomato,
Take his heart in bi-bi-bits,
Every portion fi-fi-fits,
Though his love song su-su-seem somewhat staccato!

I'll wu-worship you, of course,
And nu-never get divorce,
Though you stu-stu-stu-stu-storm in angry weather;
For whu-when you're in a pique,
So mu-mad you cannot speak,
We'll be du-du-du-du-dumb then both together.

CHRISTMAS GREENS.

Romantic Monologue for a Woman.

CHARACTER: MISS NELL HETHERTON, Leading Woman of the Comedy Theatre, New York, and the idol of the town.

SCENE: The drawing-room of MISS HETHERTON'S pretty apartment in Gramercy Park. A fire burns in the grate, and a luxurious négligé gown and slippers are over a chair before it. Table, with shaded lamp, boxes, letters, flowers.

TIME: Near midnight on Christmas Eve.

[*There is the sound of a cab-door slammed, the rumble of wheels, and in another moment* MISS HETHERTON *enters with her arms full of red roses. She wears an opera cloak over her evening dress, and she tosses the roses on a couch, turns up the light, walks back to the door, and speaks:*]

THAT will do, Celeste; take all those other flowers and put them where they will keep cool and fresh till morning. Tomorrow you and I will arrange them in the vases. Yes, I'll keep these here with me. [*Takes up one of the roses and touches it to her lips and whispers.*] They remind me of home—and here, Celeste, you may take my cloak [*drops it off shoulders, as though giving it to maid*], and good-night and a Merry Christmas to you!—and oh! Celeste [*takes up a parcel from the corner*], here's something for you—a new silk gown, Celeste—and I bought it for you myself! [*Laughs.*] Yes—thank you, Celeste—you spoil me [*laughingly*]. "Oui—oui—mademoiselle—merci—merci——!" [*Bows the maid out laughingly, then throws herself in the chair before the fire and clasps her hands above her head.*]

Well, there is no place like my own little snuggery, and yet I am here like a veritable old maid, alone on Christmas Eve [*looks around*], and not a bit of Christmas green; but the roses will do. What a delightful little supper that was they gave me to-night on the stage after the play—and such a lot of notables! Dear me! And all presented to poor little Nell Hetherton, two years ago a prim schoolma'am in a Western mining town! Ah, me! [*Looks*

at bracelet on her arm.] That was nice of them to give me this bracelet. I value it more than all the rest. [*Takes it from her arm and reads inscription.*] "To Miss Nell Hetherton, from the Company."

Well, I wonder now, if I had never been seized with that wild desire for the stage, and if I had not worked and saved and struggled to get to New York—and if I had married Jack—where I should be to-night. [*Leans her head on her hand and looks in the fire.*] I can see a little Western home, the logs blazing on the hearth, the table spread for supper, the Christmas greens upon the wall—and Jack—and I—heigh-ho!—I in a gingham apron, I suppose, mixing biscuit—instead of being Miss Nell Hetherton, whose name is all over the town in letters as big as I am, and all the men running after me, and the women copying my bonnets, and a real live prince at my feet. [*Laughs.*]

I know he will ask me to marry him! Since he came to the city fresh from his Newport adulation and attention, he has been my most devoted admirer. And no diamond bracelets or supper invitations or coroneted cabs, but only the most kind and courteous attentions: his morning call and bunch of roses, as though I were a débutante in my first season! It makes me almost love him. And yet—he hasn't spoken; but if he does—well, he is not so bad. Old, of course, but distingué, unassuming, with Old-World manners and a great old name, and an estate that half the mothers in New York have been angling for. Princess! Princess! How fine it sounds. [*Muses.*]

And Jack has not sent me even a word—for Christmas. Another sweetheart, I suppose. [*Hums.*]

> "Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
> Men were deceivers ever."

[*Talks to the rose.*] Would he be even a little bit jealous, do you think, if he knew I had all of you beautiful roses sent me by the Prince—American Beauties—instead of the wild roses he used to gather for me on the mountain? [*Takes photograph from mantel and gazes at it.*] What did I ever see in dear old Jack to make me love him as I *used* to?—square chin [*squares her chin*],

mouth with just a little sarcastic laugh always at the corners of it, straight nose, mine turned up, he always said. He doesn't know what a howling beauty I have become—and eyes—well, his eyes *are* good—yes—it must have been the eyes! [*Throws the picture suddenly from her.*]

And Jack has never sent me even one little word. What will he say, I wonder, when he hears that I am a princess? And, of course, I'll have a coronet—yes, indeed, the very latest kind. How shall I look in a coronet, I wonder? [*Playfully unfastens her necklace and places it about her hair, looks in the mirror, rises from her chair and curtseys as though receiving someone.*]

He will be introduced, of course, and I shall put up my lorgnette—so, and turning the full light of my coronet upon him—so—I'll say: "Ah, quite so. I remember you so well, Lord Randolph. At Baden it was we met, was it not? And how is dear Lady Randolph?" [*Suddenly sinks into chair, as though tired of the jesting mood.*]

After all, the prince has not asked me yet; but I know what his eyes said to-night when he kissed my hand at the carriage-door. "And to-morrow, mademoiselle," he said, "may I send you a *white* rose?"

That is so like a Frenchman—he had just sent me all these beautiful red ones. [*Rises.*] Perhaps Jack *has* written. [*Looks through notes and boxes on table; tosses them aside without opening.*] Dear me, what a time I shall have writing acknowledgments of all these pretty things. What beautiful perfume is that? [*Sniffs.*] Why—why—it's like PINE—from the old tree—near the school-house—where Jack and I—— [*Catches sight of the large box, which she lifts on chair, cuts string, and removes cover.*] Oh! how beautiful! [*Lifts a mass of the green, sweet-smelling pine branches to her bosom, with her arms clasped about them and face upraised, pale and smiling.*] Why—it—must be—from Jack! Thank God!* [*Picks letter from among the branches in box, opens, and reads:*]

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* The monologue can be ended here if desired.

"NELL DEAR: Of course, I have heard of all your social triumphs of the last few months, and your final coup, the capture of the Prince Verronneiux. Every New York paper that has reached here contains accounts of your engagement to him. I do not believe them, but I am forced to think that even your true heart must be turned with all this adulation. I do not care to hear this from you, but I send you word that I prefer to have our promise as though it had never been made. This for your sake. You know how much I love you. But I know that I will have to give more than another year before I can realize the success which my work here is sure to bring. I hope to have wealth in a few years sufficient to take care of you, Nell, and make a home for you; but until then can I ask you to give up such brilliant chances as are offered to you? It would be selfish and ungenerous of me to expect anything of the kind. Let your own heart tell you what to do, not any fancied *duty* to a promise that I shall never hold you to unless you choose to have it so. God bless you, Nell. I send you a box of pine from the old tree, which you may like to have for Christmas greens—just as you used at home—you remember, Nell—"

[*She drops her head upon her hands for a moment, as though weeping silently. A knock at the door. Hastily takes the necklace from her head, turns down the light.*]

Well! Ah, Celeste! Well, Celeste? [*Goes to the door.*] Ah, it is Christmas morning—*impossible!* I must have been dreaming by the fire, and these beautiful white roses! For me!—and a letter!

[*Comes back with large basket of white roses, tied with white satin ribbon; places them on floor. Christmas chimes sound faintly from without. She opens large white envelope, takes out letter, and reads.*]

"MADEMOISELLE:

"You know you have my heart. I lay it at your feet with these blossoms. I ask you, mademoiselle, if you will be my wife? I will not say more. Yesterday I sent you red roses, which spoke of my love. This Christmas morning, I send you bride roses, for my princess that is to be, I fondly hope. I shall be proud, mademoiselle, if you will but send me one little rose by my messenger, who will wait. Send me no cruel letter, but the rose or nothing.

"Allow me, mademoiselle, to sign myself

"Your most devoted admirer, "VERRONNEIUX."

[*The letter flutters from her hands to the ground. She stands as though frightened for a moment. Falls dazed into the chair. Then she takes a spray of pine from the box, places it upon her hair where the crown has been, rises to her feet, and looks in the mirror over the mantel with a smile, then she turns to the door.*]

Celeste, tell him—there is no answer!

A CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN.

Comedy Monologue in Verse for a Man.

ED. L. McDOWELL.

Written expressly for this book.

CHARACTER: ACTOR, Speaker present.
COSTUME: Shabby, genteel suit.
SCENE: Enter ACTOR, gazes about and then addresses audience.

OH, why do the critics insist that I
  Am not an actor born?
Why do the "gallery gods," forsooth,
  Laugh all my powers to scorn?
I feel great fires within my frame
  Which high should mount
  From my soul's fount
And set the world aflame.
Then why am I here in this No Man's Land,
  So far from the marts of trade?
Collect thyself, mind—ah, yes, last week
  I enacted the great Jack Cade.
Yes, I lived Cade's life through every scene
  And showed Jack's hopes and fears;
Next morn the New York critics proved
  That I played a Jack—with ears!
    [*Illustrating a donkey's ear-flaps, etc.*]
The theatre was crowded from pit to dome
To see me enact the hero of Rome.
Forth I rushed on the stage midst the wildest applause,
And my very first speech won a storm of huzzas—

Too stormy methought. Yet it flattered my pride,
And resolved me the more. So with grand tragic stride

And Delsartian sweep of my eloquent arms,
I proceeded to paralyze the house with my charms—

When something hit me in the neck
Which aroused my dramatic ire,
"The man that threw that egg," says I,
"Is a—a—parabolical, diabolical liar."

He apologized and said that far
From theatrical infracting,
That he'd paid his money to see me act
And intended to be exacting. [*Egsacting.*]

Oh, then awoke the hopes that slept within my manly breast,
An exacting audience now must needs to see me act my best.

But alas! the perfume of that venerable egg
Had my memory so unfixed
That the lines of every play I knew
Got most confoundedly mixed.

"To be or not to be," I shrieked—
The audience thought I'd better *not;*
Advised me to go and soak my head,
Or seek some breezy spot,

Where the wind might through my whiskers blow,
Ere I turned up my toes to the daisies. "Oh,
Cruel critics," I cried, "you shall hear me yet;
Richard's himself again, you bet."
They applauded, then hooted, then crushed my hopes
With bouquets tied to the ends of ropes.
They guyed me, yes and they bouquets plied—
Of a vegetable kind—till I could have died.

Yet, "On with the play though it rain cats and dogs,"
I yelled, while showers of eggs bespattered my "togs."

Fiercely I acted till a big potato caught me
Somewhere in the ribs, and suddenly brought me—
Well, nearer to death than I care to be brought.

But ha—ha! my second wind came, I called for my "cue."
Zounds! the prompter had skipped with my cue and watch, too.
Yes, manager, scene-shifters, dizzy actors—all gone—
Had left me to play out Jack Cade all alone.

Still my soul was resolved that my genius should win,
So, grandly in monologue I again did begin,
When a twenty-pound cabbage found its way to my head,
And all my ambition immediately fled.

That's why I am here in this No Man's Land,
  Far away from the marts of trade,
And here I'll abide, for I understand
  That a "return engagement" would occasion a raid.

Thank heaven! I still live! Alack, my poor poll,
Thou hast brought naught but shame to my ambitious soul.
Alack, poor Yorick! Great Kraut! when that huge cabbage fell,
Methought 'twere a summons to heaven or to—sheol!

No more will the hair on my dizzy skull grow—
'Tis cabbaged for good; well, well, let it go, heigh-ho, heigh-ho!
No more on the stage as a target I'll stand;
Henceforth I'll scratch gravel in No Man's Land.

Perhaps as a farmer kind nature may find
Some chance for the genius which cankers my mind.

So farewell to tragedy; welcome, thrice welcome the plow.
Come farm-fruit, come hen-fruit, I'll cabbage *you* now.

But I'd let a wilderness of monkeys all my farm prospects ravage
Just to "plug" the propeller of that twenty-pound cabbage.

AUNT SOPHRONIA TABOR AT THE OPERA.

Yankee Dialect Comedy Monologue for a Woman.

Arranged as monologue expressly for this book by Elise West.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED: AUNT SOPHRONIA, Speaker, present; LOUISA, her niece, supposed to be present.

COSTUME: Old-fashioned black alpaca or black silk costume, etc.

[*Enter* AUNT SOPHRONIA *looking at orchestra as she moves along, and talks then at audience and whole building.*]

SO this is the uproar? Well, isn't this a monster big building? And that Chanticleer! It's got a thousand candles, if it has one. I wish that your Uncle Peleg was here. You're sure, Louisa, that this is a perfectly proper place? Somehow, you city folks look upon such things differently than we do who live in the country. Dear suz! Louisa, do look way up there in the tiptop of the house! Did you ever see such a sight of people! Why, excursion trains must have run from all over the State. Massy, child! There's a woman forgot her bonnet! My Eliza Ann cut just such a caper as that one Sunday last summer,—got clean into the meeting house, and half way down the middle aisle, before she discovered it, and the whole congregation a-giggling and a-tittering. Your cousin Woodman Harrison shook the whole pew. Just speak to that poor creature, Louisa. She'll feel awfully cut up when she finds it out. Come bareheaded a-purpose! Well, I do declare! But, Louisa, where's the horse-chestnut? You said something or other about a horse-chestnut playing a voluntary.

Them men with the fiddles and the bass-viols? I want to know! Belong to the first families, I suppose. They are an uncommon good-looking set of men. Is Mrs. Patte a furrener? There goes the curtain. Louisa, oughtn't we to stand up during prayer-time? Dear suz! I wish your Uncle Peleg was here. Somehow, it seems kinder un-Christian to be play-acting worship. La sakes, child, what is the matter? Is the theatre on fire? It's only the people

applauding because Patte is on the stage? Sakes alive! Is that it? I thought we was all afire, or Wiggin's flood had come. So that is Mrs. Patte. Well, I declare for it! she's as spry as a cricket, and no mistake. Why, she looks scarcely out of her teens. How old is she, Louisa? Over forty? Is it possible? There, they're at it again.

What is the matter now? What, that dapper little fellow a-bowing and a-scraping and a-smirking! Is that Mr. Scalchi? Madame Scalchi? Louisa, are you sure that this is a perfectly proper place? I only wish Peleg was here, for then I shouldn't feel so sort a-skerry like and guilty. Listen to that music, listen, Louisa. Hip, hip, hooray! Well, I never! The sweat's just a-rolling off me, and I am as weak as a rag-baby. I wish I had my turkey-tail. This mite of a fan of yours don't give wind enough to cool a mouse. Didn't that sound like an angel choir? I'm so glad I came; and if Peleg was only along! But, there, I hain't going to speak again till the uproar is over.

Louisa Allen, what are them half-nude statutes a-standing up in the back there? Don't they realize that the whole congregation can see them? and haven't they any modesty? The bally? Louisa Sophronia Tabor Allen, just you pick up your regimentals, and follow me; and that quick, too. You needn't auntie me. Just get your duds together, and we'll travel. Thank goodness your Uncle Peleg Josiah Tabor is not here! Don't let me see you give as much as a glance to where those graceless nudities are, or, big as you are, I'll box your ears. Louisa, I only wish I had my thickest veil, for I am positively ashamed to be caught in this un-Christian scrape. Come, and don't raise your eyes. There, thank goodness, we're in pure air at last! I have nothing to say agin the uproar. Them voices would grace a celestial choir. This I say with all reverence. But that side show! I wouldn't have had my Eliza Ann nor my Woodman Harrison a-witnessed what we've come near a-witnessing for a thousand-dollar bill. No, not for a ten-thousand-dollar bill. And I am so thankful that your Uncle Peleg was not here! Somehow, Louisa, I feel as if I'd fallen like the blessed Lucifer out of the moon.

BILLY THE HERMIT.

Pathetic Yankee Dialect Monologue for a Man.

RUTH EDWARDS.

Arranged as monologue expressly for this book by Grace B. Faxon.

[Suitable for any occasion, but especially suitable for Hunting, or Camp, Bird-Day, Children of Mercy Day, Sunday Schools.]

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED: BILLY THE HERMIT, Speaker, present; SONNY, a small favorite of the HERMIT, and several children, all supposed to be present.

COSTUMES: BILLY THE HERMIT wears an old-fashioned brown cloth suit, large-rimmed soft felt hat, heavy looking boots. He should be made up as an old and wrinkled man.

STAGE-SETTING: Outdoor scene,—trees, grass, etc. Near stage front R. should stand a part of an old trunk of a tree (about two feet high), and near it lying down the trunk of another tree.

SCENE: Enter from L. C. side entrance and walk slowly across stage, acting as if interested and looking at the small people walking with you. Talk as you cross stage and finish first paragraph of monologue by the time you have reached the tree-trunk. After all are seated, seat yourself, cross your legs, settle down with thoughtful attitude and go on with the monologue.

DID I ever shoot anything? Wal, yes, sonny, I did once. I dunno why I done it—nor never did. But I know this much—I hain't never touched a gun since and don't never want to! Tell you about it? Wal, 'tain't much of a story. Dunno as you 'd be much int'rested in it. But seein' as you asked, I guess I may as well tell you. But fust, all set down on thet are log. Thet's right. Naow I'll set down. Be you all comfortable? You be? Thet's right.

You see it was like this—happened a long time ago when I was a boy. Seems kinder cur'ous sometimes when I think I was ever a little boy, young as you be, sonny. Dunno as you'd care to hear about my mother, but she somehow comes into the story. Hain't talked about her to any one for years. She warn't never very strong and she used to have to work too hard—cookin' and sewin' and washin, and ironin'. Terrible pretty she was, too! What was she like? Wal, she was kinder little and slender and her hair was all waves and crinkles and just the color of the inside of a chestnut burr and nigh about as soft and silky; and her eyes were jest like them little still dark places in the brook where the grass grows right down to the water and every once in a while the sun shines down and makes a sparkle. You know them places—jest the places to catch *penny* fish, you know.

Wal, mother was awful good to me. She used to take me walkin' in the woods Sunday afternoons and tell me 'bout the birds and the flowers and a whole lot of things that she seemed to know more about than anybody did. Dunno how she ever learned it all, but somehow she'd found out. Guess 'twas 'cause she loved all them outdoor things so.

"Don't you ever hurt anything, Billy," she used to say to me, "leastwise don't you never hurt anything littler than you be. Ain't nuthin' in the world so bad as bein' cruel. And don't you never think jest because you're a man that God made this world jest so you could have a good time, and that nuthin' ain't got no rights except you. Everything on the face of this earth's got jest as much right to be happy as you have and jest as much right to live."

She set more store by the Spring than any other time of year. You ought to have seen her when the first dandelions came out! She was jest like a little girl—making curls out of their stems and stickin' them behind her ears, and holdin' the blossoms under my chin to see if I liked butter. You know them little furry blue flowers that come the earliest of anything 'cept chickweed?—how she jest used to love 'em! She used to say that the little Quaker ladies was noddin' and sayin', "How do you do?" to each other, and that

it had been snowin' violets when the meadows were all purple with 'em. And you know them little maple trees that come up every year and never seem to amount to nothin', jest pokin' their heads through the ground under the big trees—she thought it was right cute the way they kept that old brown seed-wing on their heads for the time bein' before they shook it off and went bare-headed.

"The weather ain't quite warm enough yet, Billy," she used to say. "They're afraid of ketchin' cold." And I don't never see them baby fern leaves all curled up and sleepy-lookin' that I don't think how she used to say, "See 'em, Billy, see 'em stretchin' their necks and bendin' backwards to see if there ain't no chance of their gettin' to be as tall as the trees some day! Better take care you don't get a crick in those backs of yours, little babies," she used to say, strokin' 'em as tender as though they could feel it! And the way she'd stand and listen to them song-birds! jest as still with her hand sorter raised and her lips all a-tremblin' and a-smilin'. "Ain't goin' to be no sweeter sounds than that in heaven, Billy," she'd say to me. I can see them brown eyes of hern with the little sparkle in 'em this minute.

Any of you know what a flicker is? 'Bout as han'some a bird as they is, to my thinkin'. Some folks calls 'em golden-winged woodpeckers, and they've got a lot of other names, too; but mother always called 'em flickers—somethin' 'bout the name seems to make me see the way their wings sorter flash and turn all goldie when you see 'em flyin'. They've got mighty strong-lookin' bodies, and long bills, and big, bright eyes, and right on top of their heads is jest the prettiest red batch of feathers you ever see, kinder in the shape of a new moon.

Wal, a pair of them flickers made a nest in an old elm tree right by our kitchen door. Mother most went wild over it. She loved to hear them tap-tap-tappin' at the tree trunks, a-borin' and a-borin' and jest makin' the sawdust fly, I can tell you. Wal, we watched 'em every day and they got to be jest like friends and didn't 'pear to be much frightened at anything mother nor me done. Makes me 'shamed now to think how trustin' and unsus-

pectin' they was. Kinder hate to tell you children how mean I was, but sorter serve me right to let you know, p'rhaps. You see it was like this: 'Twas one of them cold, cloudy days that come along in the Springtime. Kind of a day that jest chills you to the bone more than Winter will, p'rhaps, and the trees jest creak and kinder scold on account of the weather puttin' back their leaves from unfoldin'. Jest the kind of a day when a boy feels all upset and nuthin' seems to go right.

'Bout noontime, when mother was busy gettin' dinner, a man with a gun comes up to the kitchen door and asks if we'll let him stay an' eat with us. Said he hadn't brought no provisions with him and was mighty hungry. He was a good-lookin', city kind of chap, and he took off his hat to mother, polite as you please, as he stood lookin' in at her.

"Sure, you're welcome, sir, to anything we've got," mother said. "You'd be more welcome, though, without that gun of yourn. Hope you ain't shot anything to-day."

"No, I ain't," said he, kinder sheepish. "Guess I ain't a very good shot."

"Oughter be ashamed of yourself to try," said mother, her cheeks all reddenin' up. "Don't s'pose you have to go huntin' to make your livin'. You don't looks though you did."

"No," seys he, "I don't have to do it."

"Do it jest for fun, I s'pose?" seys mother.

"Wal, yes, sport, you know," seys he.

"Sport!" seys mother with the sparkle in them brown eyes of hern flashin' out at him. "Wonder what right you think you got to git sport from takin' what you can't never give again—the life of them poor little birds and squirrels! Think the Lord made 'em so you could enjoy yourself murderin' of 'em? Must think the Lord sets a powerful lot of store by you, givin' you live things to play with and break jest for the fun of it! I ain't got no patience with such ideas. Them birds and squirrels are my friends and it hurts me worse than anything to have 'em killed jest for sport!"

The city chap looked at her kinder wonderin' like, and seys he:

"Wal, if you'll let me have something to eat, I promise you I won't do no more shootin' to-day. Come, is it a bargain?"

Mother was mighty tickled. I could see that she'd got this much out of him, and she flew 'round right lively gettin' dinner for him, I can tell you. He kep' a-gazin' at her as though he liked her looks. Mother was terrible pretty!

Wal, when he went in to dinner he stood his gun up beside the door, and seys he, "Don't you touch it, boy, 'cause it's loaded and you might hurt yourself."

Hadn't thought of touchin' it before, but when he said that so high and mighty, I jest made up my mind I would anyway. So when he'd gone in, I up and took his gun and made believe I was aimin' at something jest as I'd seen men do before.

Wal, while I was a-aimin', one of those flickers that mother thought such a heap of flew down from that old elm tree and set facin' me on a stump with his big black eyes a-shinin' and the red feathers on his head lookin' mighty pert and cheerful. Dunno why I done it, dunno whether I really meant to do it—might have been an accident, might not—all happened so quick I can't say. But first I knew there was a bang, and then I see that flicker tumble off the stump, and the red feathers on his head warn't half so bright as the blood that kinder trickled down his breast.

Yes, I killed him. I ran and picked him up all warm and bleedin' and flutterin' and the white film comin' over his eyes. Then he gave one little flutter, as though he wanted to git away from me, and then he didn't flutter no more, jest lay still in my hand.

Mother came runnin' out and the city chap with her, all scared and tremblin', 'spectin' to see me dead, I s'pose. But when mother saw how 'twas she took that flicker out of my hand and gave me such a look as I never had seen before. She didn't say a word to me, but smoothed his feathers, and kinder cuddled him up against her cheek and kep' a-sayin', "Oh, you poor little birdie." And that city chap stood and looked at her and couldn't say a word.

Wal, I ain't never touched a gun since that day, children, and I don't never want to.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

Dramatic and Tragic Monologue in Verse for a Woman.

THOMAS F. WILFORD.

Written expressly for this book.

CHARACTER: WRONGED WIFE, Speaker, present. Directs her conversation to the audience.

SCENE: Cell interior.

I THANK you for your sympathy,
But help! No, there is none for me,
For what I've done I feel no sting
Of penitence, nor can time bring
One pang of sorrow. Penalty!
For what they now may do with me
I care but little. He is dead—
And that ends all.

What made me do the deed? The old,
Old, time-worn story of man's cold
And heartless cruelty; of wrongs
Heaped on her head, to whom belongs
At least respect, if nothing more;
A husband's deviltry, a sore
Heart for a patient, suff'ring wife;
A blasted, hopeless, wretched life;
My sweet child's death; a constant hell
On earth for me—for these he fell.

I met him—him, my husband,—just
Five years ago. My God! what trust
I placed in his fair words, so soft,
So sweet, so full of love, that oft
I thought more of his trait'rous smile,

That had such magic to beguile,
Than Heaven's pure and bless'd decree,—
Than e'en th' Eternal Deity.
I thought him all that woman's mind
Had e'er conceived. But love is blind.

The first two years
Were full of joy—joy without tears.
The skies were bright; no clouds above;
My life was one of peaceful love.
But ah! the change came sudden, fast;
My summer sun was overcast;
The gloom of death fell on my heart:
I saw the light for'er depart;
The godlike being that I thought
Of all mankind most perfect wrought
Tore off the mask that hid his face,
And to my horror, in his place,
Revealed a demon blackest-hued,
Remorseless, pitiless, imbued
With all the wickedness the heart
Can hold, or shameless sin impart.

I kissed our child with sobs and tears,
And murmured still, though full of fears,
"He yet will change, he cannot be
So cruel, child, to me and thee."
Alas! my hopes were all in vain;
The old days ne'er would come again.
The loving words to curses turned;
My fond advances all were spurned;
The embrace became a stinging blow;
And eyes that once were all aglow
With tenderest fire, with hate's fierce blaze
Now shone on me with scorching rays.
Thus was my every sad day's flight,

A curse at morn, a blow at night.
I soon become for him a thing
To tread upon,—a clod to fling
From out his path. I took my child,
And fled one night, half-maddened, wild,
Far from his sight—I cared not where
So I again his face might ne'er
Behold. But soon once more with words
That seemed to me like song of birds
He sought me out, and with his eyes
Filled with repentant tears, and sighs
That spoke of sincere love, implored
Forgiveness; and I—fool! ignored
The past, forgot my woes, and went
Back to his home with heart content.

Once more his solemn vows were cast
Aside as idle words, and worse
Than e'en before—a daily curse
My life became. I tried to bear
My heavy cross; my fervent prayer
Was still for strength from Him above,
Who lightens labors with His love.
And so my load of cruelty
I bore unheeding, patiently.

Then came at last the final blow—
The worst that love can contemplate
And which can turn that love to hate.
One night when he had gone from me,
I found a letter which he carelessly
Had overlooked. The script was small
And neat—a woman's hand! A wall
Of fire outstretched before my eyes;
A nameless horror seemed to rise.
No, no! this could not be. He might

Be bad, be dead to sense of right,
But false! O heaven! the dreadful thought
Surged in my brain. I crushed it, fought
It down with frenzied eagerness.
The note was open; chilled, nerveless,
I drew it from its fold and read.
Not long I had to wait in dread;
'Twas true—all true! I reel'd and fell.
How long I lay I could not tell,
But I awoke heartsick and dazed,
The letter in my grasp. Half crazed
I smoothed it out and read again,
Though every word was growing pain:
"This night to meet him," so it said.

My child from off the floor I clasped,
And from the bureau drawer I grasped
A loaded pistol that would right
My wrong. So out into the night,
Into the raging storm I fled,
My babe clasped in my arms. No dread
Had I of wind or rain that beat
Upon me; I could but repeat,
"False! false! I'll be revenged!" My *soul,*
Now stirr'd and rous'd beyond control,
Was filled with one desire alone.
And that was that he should atone
For this—to woman—foulest wrong.

So through the night I sped along
Until I reached her house, and worn
And faint, with clothing rent and torn,
I leaned against the casement and
My moaning babe with soft command
Caressed and soothed. And then I heard
A voice within—his voice! each word

In sweet and loving tenderness;
And accents that *my* heart should bless
Were lavished on *her* list'ning ears.
I listen'd, listen'd, all unseen,
Until I thought I should go wild.
Then clasping close my trembling child,
I with a desperate hand flung wide
The casement; with a bound beside
The two I stood. She started—screamed;
He turned and saw me, and then seem'd
A moment as if turned to stone;
And as his baseness I made known,
Poor thing—she, with a long, low cry,
Sank to the floor despairingly.
Then like a fiend let loose from hell,
He toward me leaped with one fierce yell,
And grasping quick a heavy chair
Cried, "Curse you!" whirled it high in air.
I sprang aside in sudden dread;
The blow fell full upon the head
Of my sweet child that lifeless dropped
Back in my arms. My heart throbs stopped;
A red mist swam before my sight;
I could not scream try as I might.
I grasped the pistol from my breast,—
And then I killed him!

God will not judge me hard, I know.
He sees my heart and saw my life;
He knew its bitterness and strife.
And when in answer to His call
I stand within the heavenly hall,
Where justice to the least is done
And lowest, and the Blessed One
Says, "Why hast thou transgressed my laws?"
My babe shall plead its mother's cause.

BETSEY.

Comedy Monologue for a Woman.

Translated from the French expressly for this book by Lucy Hayes Macqueen.

CHARACTER: BETSEY, the Cook, Speaker present; her MISTRESS, a POSTMAN, supposed to be just outside the door or in the hall.

SCENE: A kitchen. Table R. Door R. Stove L. Pots, pans, crockery, etc. Wood beside the stove.

[*Enter* BETSEY *with large market basket, wearing a shawl and a hood. She stands in doorway and speaks to some one near door.*]

WHAT did you say, ma'am? Late again? Stayed away too long? Now that's just the way with you! The sidewalks are one glare of ice. You can only take little short steps. No, ma'am, you have no right to say I stay out long. Dear knows, I should like to see the girl who is quicker than I am. Yes, other girls, I'm well aware, stand and talk, but that's not my way, heaven forbid! And do you think anybody would want to stand and talk in such cold as this? I am only too glad to get back to the house. [*Comes in, puts down basket, takes off hood, etc.*]

Well, there she is again out of bed, wrong foot first. I declare I often feel as though a car horse had an easy place compared to a poor maid of all work. [*Goes to stove and puts in wood.*] Well, the fire hasn't gone out, the water will soon boil. [*Takes small looking-glass from table drawer.*] Dear, dear; I've got a red nose from the cold and the wind has blown my hair all about my face. [*Blows on her fingers.*] Whew! When I think how that poor policeman has to walk up and down his beat, half frozen—he's on duty two hours in this fearful cold. Yes, yes,

policemen, car horses, and maids of all work lead a dog's life. [*Takes from basket vegetables, meat, eggs, fruit, etc.*]

But what do I care for policemen? They are a faithless set! A decent girl should feel no pity for them even if they had to stay on duty four hours. When I think of Miller, who gave me up for that yellow-haired Matilda—six hours wouldn't hurt Miller. Oh, six hours of such cold—that's too much to wish any one.

[*Takes up meat.*] Gracious, there's another big bone. I never noticed it. The butcher was telling me all about his sister's little boy that tumbled down stairs, and all the time the good-for-nothing fellow was putting in that bone! Well, Mistress will give me another scolding. [*Puts meat into pot.*] I can hear her now: "You let them put you off with anything! You take whatever rubbish they choose to give you!" Well, a little more or a little less, it is all the same. I'm sure to get scolded anyhow. [*Puts on apron, takes vegetables and begins to clean them.*] Bones make good soup, and she must have good soup. Good soup! Tender meat! Where does she think they are to come from? Gracious, how much is expected from one animal! [*Bell rings.*]

There she is ringing again! I never have a moment's peace. [*Opens door.*] Yes, ma'am! [*Listens.*] How much did the butter cost? Thirty cents. What? Too dear? Dear me, ma'am, I only wonder that there is any butter. The poor cows have nothing to eat. The butter-woman doesn't know how the cows are going to get through the winter. [*Goes back to vegetables.*] That's the old story; we servants always pay too much. The mistresses can always buy things cheaper. Well, sometimes that's true. There's Mrs. Smith can bargain. She'll beat a poor man, who looks as if he were starving, down to almost nothing, and haggle over a cent with him. Of course I don't always give people as much as they ask in the first place, but it's no use to be so stingy. You don't want to skin folks alive! And Mrs. Peters is another! She has prayer meetings at her house and she's always taking up collections for the poor, but she'll keep Sarah Sempstress waiting a month for the few dollars she owes her.

There, that will do! Master never eats any fresh vegetables but macaroni, so there'll be plenty left for me. [*Organ heard outside.*] There is time enough for the pigeon, but I must mix the pudding. [*Prepares pudding in a mold.*] Dear me, that's the very same polka he played two weeks ago when the policeman insisted upon dancing with me, and John wouldn't let him. Now, it's a stupid idea to think that you must dance a whole evening with one person—a little change is always agreeable—and the policeman was a "perfect picture of a man," as mistress would say; but then John is jealous. We poor girls have a hard time of it, sticking in the kitchen all day long. Our lovers needn't be afraid we shall deceive them; but men, men, they are moving about all day, here, there, and everywhere, and who knows all they do? They must think we're blind when they tell us they are true to us. To be sure, I can trust John. He is faithful, but carpenters are not so flighty as other trades. I never could put any faith in a tailor; no, no, carpenters are the best; there's something so solid and substantial about their work. And then John! Well, he's not so handsome as the policeman, but still he's a fine-looking fellow. That stupid Nora says he has a crooked nose. To be sure, it does turn a little to the left, but what difference does that make? Suppose his nose is a little bit crooked—we all have crooked noses, and he's got a good pair of eyes to make up for it. Oh, my, when he looks at me and says, "Betsey," I declare I can't say a word.

I wonder why I am so afraid of him? Why, really, the man ought to be the one to obey. My last lover, the gardener, and my first one, the policeman, didn't dare to wink if I said the word; but I don't know how it is, I can't call my soul my own when John's here. After all, he's a good fellow and he'll never desert me. The others were good talkers, but they only wanted their fun, and so I had to get rid of them. Oh, well, it's not too late for me yet; to be sure, John is thirty-six—dear me, how short youth is when we think how long we've got to live. Other girls get married at twenty-five, while I—oh, well, it's no disgrace. Now I can be proud of John and he shall have a good home when I am his wife—only he must give up being jealous. When a girl

does nothing wrong it makes her sad to have a body jealous, and yet I do like to see him look miserable! I would never have smiled at the policeman if I hadn't wanted to tease John a little. It really wasn't right, but then, why is he so jealous? [*Bell rings.*]

Well, what is that now? [*In doorway.*] Yes, ma'am. What, put vermicelli in the soup? I can't. Why not? Because there isn't any in the house. I can go out and buy some? No, that won't do. I can't leave the fire now, for it will go out. I will take rice instead. What? Oh, master will eat it fast enough, or if he don't like it he can just leave it on his plate! [*Comes in.*]

The idea of me going out again in this weather! What does it matter to master whether it's vermicelli or rice? Go out in this wind, indeed! I should like to see myself! My hair's all blown about my face now. [*Takes looking-glass and comb.*] Really, if any one should happen in I should look like a fright. John says I have lovely hair, so I must take care of it.

[*Bell rings.*] I should think she had gone crazy to-day! [*In doorway.*] Yes, ma'am! You want me to come and lace up your dress? I can't leave the kitchen now. What did you say? You know I am combing my hair? Oh, ma'am, how can you think of such a thing? You have always told me that a decent girl would never comb her hair in the kitchen for fear of getting a hair in the food—oh, who would do such a thing? I would be glad to come, but I have just been making the pudding—my hands are all over flour and I would spoil your gown. You'd better call Miss Lucy; she can lace you up. [*Comes back and finishes arranging hair.*]

How suspicious some people are. Miss Lucy might as well wait on her mother a little. She does nothing all day long but read and play on the piano. I'm called out of the kitchen every minute, and then if anything is wrong with the dinner I get scolded for it. [*Pokes fire.*] I only wish mistress could be in my place for a few days, then she'd see what it is to be ordered about. [*Goes to table and takes up account book.*] But I must add up my accounts or else I shall forget something: Spinach, fifteen cents; eggs, thirty cents; h'm, day before yesterday eggs were

thirty-two cents; I may just as well call them thirty-two now. No, no, I wouldn't do it! To be sure, it would be only two cents more; mistress would never notice it and it would be a help to me. Other girls always take a little commission and they laugh at me because I don't do the same. It would serve mistress right, for she never trusts me, and is always suspecting something wrong—but no, no, it's not right and I won't do it. John says, "Ill-gotten gains never prospered any one." He would find me out in a minute if—no, no,—if he knew it and were my husband afterward, he would never trust me—no, no, eggs, thirty cents—I must make the thirty very plain; onions, five cents; lettuce, ten cents; pigeons, seventy-five cents; butter, thirty cents; this makes in all [*counting slowly*]—five and five make ten, and five are fifteen [*bell rings*]—there's the bell again—and three and one are four—I'm coming!—and seven are nine, no, eleven—gracious, I should think the house was on fire! [*Goes to door.*]

Yes, ma'am! Why didn't I come before? Well, I had to put down what I had in my hand. You want a cup of soup? Then you'll have to wait half an hour; it's not ready yet. What? I ought to have put it on sooner? Well, how could I when I've only just got back from market? What? Impudent? How am I impudent? I was only defending myself! [*Comes back.*]

And now she has slammed the door. She says I can go if I am not satisfied. She says that every day. [*Sits down.*] Now, I shall have to begin all over again. Five and five are ten, and five are fifteen—oh, dear me, how cross she does make me—and three and one are four—to have to hear that every day—and seven are eleven—it seems as if I couldn't stand it—eleven, eleven—I often have it on the tip of my tongue to say, "Yes, ma'am, I will go," but then she wouldn't give me a recommendation—eleven, eleven—and I couldn't get another place—eleven, eleven—ladies all stand by each other so—eleven, eleven—and we poor servants are always in the wrong—eleven, eleven—how can I add when I'm so put out? and one is twelve—really, if it wasn't for John! and three are fifteen—for he says that in two years he will be able to set up for himself—and one is sixteen—I must put up with it a

little longer—and one is sixteen—oh, dear, two years more; how long they will seem—and one is sixteen [*mutters*] and eight makes—makes—oh, now it's all wrong; I don't know what I'm about. Now I shall have to begin all over. Five and five are ten —hark, didn't I hear the front door bell? [*Goes to door.*] Miss Lucy went—the postman! What? For me? A letter for me? Five cents extra postage? [*Greatly excited.*] Now, where is my money? A letter! To be sure! Now, where is—there, there are five cents. Good morning, good morning. [*Comes back with letter.*]

Good gracious, a letter—for me—that is too queer. Who can have written to me? John would never spend his money on stamps—no, no, he would look in for a moment after supper. Whoever can have written to me? It is all right—"Miss Betsey Brown"—that's my name. I wonder what is in the letter. I declare I'm curious to know—heavens, the policeman never can have—well, I don't know what to think. How silly I am! I might as well open the letter and then I shall find out what it's all about. There—but what a pretty seal—it seems a pity to spoil it—and yet I must open the letter. I must know who has written to me. Oh, bosh, when other people get letters they don't make such a fuss over them. [*Opens letter and reads laboriously.*]

"To Miss Betsey Brown"—there it is again—"On the twenty-fifth day of the present month Miss Betsey Andrews departed this life, greatly respected by all who knew her, and left you in her will the sum of five hundred dollars, as being her namesake." [*Drops letter in surprise.*] Good heavens, it never can be true. Old Miss Andrews! Why, I thought she was dead long ago. No, it's not possible. Where is the letter? [*Picks it up and reads address.*] "Miss Betsey Brown," yes, that's all right. [*Turns letter upside down.*] What does it say? The letters dance before my eyes—oh, I see, I've got it upside down [*reads*]—"left you five hundred dollars as being her namesake." [*Bell rings.*]

Yes, it is really true. [*Weeps.*] Five hundred dollars. I have five hundred dollars! Old Miss Andrews! I had quite forgotten her. It must be twenty years since I saw her. Oh, she was a

good woman; she used to grumble and scold all day long; her little poodle dog was always barking at me, and then she would say that I must have looked cross at him and she'd give me a scolding, good old woman! [*Bell rings.*] Five hundred dollars! But what am I crying about? I ought to laugh. [*More and more excited and confused.*] Why, what was I doing? To be sure, the soup! [*Takes spinach and throws it into pot.*] Five hundred dollars! The fire doesn't burn bright. [*Puts pigeons into fire.*]

Five hundred dollars! What will John say? What was I looking for? Oh, yes, I must clean the pigeons. [*Looks around.*] Where did I put the pigeons? Oh, what will John say? He told me once that if he had five hundred dollars he could set up for himself—where are those pigeons? and I shall be a master carpenter's wife. [*Bell rings.*] John, oh dear, good John—but he shall make a nice cross for poor Miss Andrews's grave. If I only knew where I put the pigeons! John! I must tell him at once! But, there's the dinner; no, I can't go now; I must cook the spinach. Where is the spinach? [*Bell rings.*] I think the bell rang! Well, she may bother me as much as she likes to-day, nothing can make me angry now. [*Bell rings.*] Yes, yes. [*Goes to door.*]

Yes, ma'am! Why don't I answer? Well, here I am! What? Impudent? I didn't say anything, I'm sure. Go about my business? [*Aside.*] If I wasn't afraid—but why should I care now? Haven't I got five hundred dollars? Very well, ma'am, I will. What? Do I mean to leave you? I can go at once? Very well, I will go. As soon as dinner is done, I will pack up my things. [*Slams the door.*] There, ma'am, if you can play a trump, so can I. But the dinner. Where on earth are the pigeons and the spinach? Oh, I am free—and I must tell John! I can't wait until evening! [*Takes off apron hastily.*] I shall be back before the soup is ready. John! How pleased he will be! [*Runs out, but turns back.*] The letter! I must show it to him! Oh, where is the letter? Here it is! John, John, how happy we shall be! [*Runs off.*]

TOM FAY'S SOLILOQUY.

Comedy Romantic Monologue for a Man.

FANNY FERN.

Arranged as a monologue expressly for this book.

CHARACTER REPRESENTED: TOM FAY, Speaker.

COSTUME: Home costume.

STAGE SETTING: Handsomely furnished room, doors R. and L. Large easy chair C.

SCENE: Enter TOM FAY, smoking cigar. Takes several puffs as he crosses room and flings himself into chair. Puffs a while in silence, listens, then repeats what he seems to have heard.

"Most any female lodger up a stair
Occasions thought in him who lodges under."

DON'T they, though? Not a deuced thing have I been able to do since that little Gipsy took the room overhead, about a week ago! Pat—pat—pat, go those little feet over the floor, till I am as nervous as a cat in a china closet. Confounded pretty they are, too, for I caught sight of 'em going upstairs. Then I can hear her little rocking-chair creak, as she sits there sewing, and she keeps singing, "Love not—love not!" Just as if a fellow could help it. [*Sits in chair.*]

Wish she wasn't quite so pretty; it makes me decidedly uncomfortable. Wonder if she has any great six-footer of a brother, or a cousin with a sledge-hammer fist. Wish I was her washer-woman, or the nigger who brings her breakfast; wish she'd faint away on the stairs; wish the house would catch fire to-night! Here I am, in this great barn of a room, all alone; chairs and things set up square against the wall; no little feminine fixin's 'round; I shall have to buy a second-hand bonnet, or a pair of little gaiter-boots, to cheat myself into the delusion that there's two

of us! Wish that little Gipsy wasn't as shy as a rabbit. I can't meet her on the stairs if I die for it; I've upset my inkstand a dozen times, hopping up, when I thought I heard her coming.

Wonder if she knows, when she sits vegetating there, that Shakespeare, or Sam Slick, or somebody, says, that "happiness is born a twin"? 'Cause if she doesn't, I'm the missionary that will enlighten her. Wonder if she earns her living, poor little soul! It's time I had a wife, by Christopher! Sitting there pricking her pretty little fingers with that murderous needle! If she were sewing on my dickeys it would be worth while now! [*Jumps up.*] That's it—by Jove! I'll get her to make me some dickeys—don't want 'em any more than Satan wants holy water, but that's neither here nor there.

I shall insist upon her taking the measure of my throat—[*laugh*]. Bachelors have a right to be fussy. There's a pretty kettle of fish, now; either she'll have to stand on a stool or I shall have to get on my knees to her! [*Laugh.*] Solomon himself couldn't fix anything better; deuce take me, if I couldn't say the right thing then! This fitting dickeys is a work of time, too. Dickeys aren't to be gotten up in a hurry. [*Bell rings.*] Hello! there's the door-bell! [*Noise outside of trunk being thrown from wagon to sidewalk. Tom goes to window, looks out.*] There's a great big trunk dumped down in the entry! [*Voice outside:* "Is Mrs. Legare at home?"]

Is—Mrs.—Legare at home? M-r-s.—Legare? I like that, now! Have I been in love a whole week with M-r-s. Legare? Never mind, maybe she's a widow! [*Noise outside of some one walking.*] Tramp, tramp, come those masculine feet; [*looks out of window*] handsome fellow, too! [*Opens door R. and listens.*] Ne-b-u-c-h-a-d-n-ezzar!—If I ever heard a kiss in my life, I heard one then! I won't stand it!—it's an invasion of my rights. Guess I'll listen again—[*same business*]. My dear husband!—p-h-e-w! As I'm a sinner! [*Listens again.*]

What right have sea-captains on shore, I'd like to know? Confound it all! Well, I always knew women weren't worth thinking of; [*sits in chair C.*] a set of deceitful little monkeys; changeable

as a rainbow, superficial as parrots, as full of tricks as a conjurer, stubborn as mules, vain as peacocks, noisy as magpies, and full of the "old Harry" all the time! There's "Delilah," now; didn't she take the "strength" out of "Samson?"—and wasn't "Sisera" and "Judith" born fiends? And didn't the little minx of a "Herodias" dance "John the Baptist's" head off? Didn't "Sarah" raise "Cain" with "Abraham," till he packed "Hagar" off? Then there was—well, the least said about her the better, but didn't "Eve," the foremother of the whole concern, have one talk too many with the old serpent? Of course; she didn't do anything else! Glad I never set my young affections on any of 'em!

Where's my cigar-case? How tormented hot this room is! [*Business of lighting cigar as curtain falls.*]

JACK'S SECOND TRIAL.

ROY FARRELL GREEN.

THE second time that Jack proposed
'Twas really a surprise,
Though still I—gossips so supposed—
Found favor in his eyes.
His first avowal, months before,
I'd treated with disdain,
And laughed at him the while he swore
He'd surely try again.

The second time that Jack proposed
I never said a word,
Though to assent I'd grown disposed—
I simply overheard
By accident his earnest plea
While in the waltz's whirl;
The second time 'twas not to me,
But to another girl!

I AND MY FATHER-IN-LAW.

Comedy Monologue for a Woman.

HARRIET L. PEMBERTON.

CHARACTER: THE WIFE, Speaker, present; SERVANT, supposed to be within hearing later on.

COSTUME: House dress.

PROPERTIES: Letter; call-bell.

SCENE: Comfortably furnished room. Wife pacing the room.

I KNEW it must come to this at last! Jack and I have had a row, and with all the meanness of a man he has managed to get the last word by bouncing out of the room and banging the door. And all for what, if you please? All for just nothing at all. But that's always the way. Everything is always about nothing. Just because—what do you think—simply because—merely because—I've overdrawn my account for the third time in the last twelve-month! The first time it occurred he paid up like a man and placed a fresh sum to my credit. The next time he grumbled like a man; but when I said: "Jack, dear, do it the second time," he did it the second time. And now that it has occurred again he has been swearing—like a man; oh, very like a man! and when I began: "Jack, darling, do it the third time," he replied he'd be hanged if he would! It was in vain I argued that I must dress, must give to charities, must have everything I want. He answered that I must cut my coat according to my cloth, and that charity ought to begin at home, and all those ridiculous old platitudes which people always fall back upon when they're angry. And then he bounced out of the room and his last words were: "It's no use my talking. I shall send my father to you and perhaps he'll be able to make you listen to reason."

[*Flings herself into a chair.*] Oh! I'm the most miserable of women! I've quarreled with Jack; I've not got a sixpence;

and Sir John is coming to make me listen to reason! I don't want to listen to reason, I don't want to see Sir John! I can manage Jack all right by myself, but Sir John terrifies me out of my senses. The first time he came to see us after we were married, he asked me if I kept a meat-book; and he hoped I should always be content with a low rate of interest for my money. I said: "Dear Sir John, I will never condescend to anything low, I like all things high—high game, high steppers, high rate of interest." I believe he observed after that he was afraid I was flippant, and he trusted Jack wouldn't find out that he had made a very poor bargain. And this is the man who is coming to make me listen to reason!

Hush! there's the bell! [*Listens.*] Surely, he can't be coming already. No; I don't think it was the front door-bell after all. It was only the muffin-man. Now, how shall I take Sir John? I think I'll try the pathetic, on my knees—so [*kneels*], hands clasped—so [*clasps hands*]. "Yes, I know! I know! call me anything you please—foolish, idiotic, mad as a hundred hatters—I'm all that and worse! I've nothing to say for myself; I've nothing to plead as an excuse. But consider my youth, consider my inexperience, consider the atmosphere in which I was brought up! Why, in my family we were taught to chuck away dollars as if they were pennies; taught, think of that! Oh! instead of gazing at me with that stern countenance, take me and teach me to do better. You could teach me if you would; and I—I would learn, oh, so willingly!" Here I shall break down utterly, so [*collapses on floor*]. And then he will take me by the two hands—so [*extends hands*]—and raise me up tenderly—so [*rises slowly to her feet*]—and kiss me kindly on both cheeks—so [*movement as if she were being kissed*]—and then he will say: "Bless you, my dear child;" and so the victory will remain with me. Yes; only I can't quite fancy Sir John blessing me.

Hush! there's the bell. [*Listens.*] It is the front door this time. He's really coming. [*Stands waiting.*] No. He doesn't seem to be coming after all. I wonder who it is. [*Looks out of window.*] Only old Lady Alicia leaving her cards! Now, how

shall I take Sir John? [*Reflects.*] I think I shall try the indignant, very upright, so [*draws herself up*]—head well back, so [*throws head back*]. "Let me tell you, Sir John, once for all, that I am not accustomed to be addressed in such terms as foolish, idiotic, much less as mad as a hundred hatters; and I must insist —yes, I must insist—on your giving me the explanation I have a right to expect. When I—no, don't interrupt me, please—when I did your son the honor of marrying him, it was on the distinct understanding that I was to do as I liked. In my family we understand the value of money every bit as well as you, only we understand it in a somewhat different way. But if the manner of my upbringing was to be flung in my teeth as a cause of complaint, you should have had it put in the settlements. As this was not done, neither my husband nor my father-in-law has any right to call my conduct in question, and that there may be no mistake, I take this opportunity of putting my foot down at once." Here I shall stamp my foot [*stamps*]. Sir John's breath will be quite taken away, he will spread out his hands in a deprecating kind of way, so [*spreads out hands*]—and will murmur hurriedly: "My dear lady, I assure you I meant nothing of the kind." And the victory will remain with me. Yes; only I can't quite fancy Sir John's breath being taken away.

Hush! there's the bell. This must be he. [*Listens.*] He's had plenty of time to get Jack's message. [*Stands waiting.*] No; he doesn't seem to be coming after all. I suppose it was only the post. Now, how shall I take Sir John? [*Reflects.*] I think—yes, I know, I'll try the familiar and the pert. Throw myself into a chair, so [*throws herself into a chair*]—look at him archly, so [*looks over shoulder*]. "You know you don't mean it, really. You were never hard upon a woman in your life, Sir John. I'm sure you never were. Now look here; it's no use pretending that you're not like the rest of them. You like to see a pretty woman well dressed. Nonsense! don't talk to me; of course you do! A man of your taste and all. Eh? Aha! I've found you out" Here I shall shake my finger at him, so [*shakes finger*]. "And I'm not a bit afraid of you, you know, not a bit. No; I never was; from

the very first I always thought you and I would understand each other. And I'm sure we do, don't we, perfectly? Now, give me a kiss and let's make up. That's right. I'm sure you feel better now, don't you?" If I had a fan I should tap him with it here. Then Sir John will chuck me under the chin, so [*chucks herself under chin*]—and call me "a little puss!" And so the victory will remain with me. [*Rises.*] Yes; only I can't quite fancy Sir John chucking me under the chin, or calling me "a little puss."

Hush! there's somebody coming upstairs. It must be he. There can't be any mistake this time. I hear the tramp of feet! [*Stands waiting.*] No; it's only the servant. [*Turns as if addressing some one at the door.*] What is it? A letter? Give it to me. [*A letter is handed in to her; continues as if still addressing someone at door.*] What? I can't hear what you say. A gentleman wants to know if I will see him? Didn't he give his name? What? He didn't give his name because he said I would understand? [*Aside.*] Yes, of course, I understand. Why didn't you say I was not at home? What? I hadn't given any orders. Well, say I'm very sorry, but I can't see any one this afternoon. What? I wish you would speak a little more distinctly. Very particular? Yes, I know he's very particular; that's why I don't want to see him. Say I'm very sorry, but I can't see any one this afternoon. That will do.

[*To herself again.*] I wonder if he'll take offence at such a message. It's rather a dreadful thing to say to one's father-in-law. Falls rather flat, too, after the way in which I meant to receive him. [*While talking she opens letter.*] Hullo! why, what in the name of fortune is this? [*Reads.*] "Dear Madam,—We have the honor to inform you that, under the will of the late Mr. Puffin, you are become entitled to fifteen thousand pounds, free of legacy duty, which will be paid into your account, so soon as the necessary formalities have been gone through. One of our firm will wait upon you with this letter to take any instructions you may have to make. We remain, Madam, yours obediently, Brown, Jones & Robinson."

Dear old Mr. Puffin! I lent him a hymn-book once in church,

and he always said he would remember me in his will; but, of course, I never thought he would. Fifteen thousand pounds! Now, let Sir John come and make me listen to reason! I shall know how to take him. [*Walks round triumphantly, brandishing letter; stops suddenly.*] One of the firm would call. Then it was one of the firm who wanted to see me. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I hope my message wasn't given correctly. Don't want to see him; of course I want to see him most particularly. Perhaps he's not gone yet; I'd better go down myself and see. [*Exits in a great hurry.*]

DEPOSED.

I'SE a poor 'ittle sowwowful bady,
  An' B'idget's away down 'tairs!
De kitten have sc'atched my finger,
  An' my Dolly 'on't say her pwayers!

I'se jus' dot a 'ittle new buzzer—
  Dod jus' sent him down tozzer day—
He kies and he kies so dwedful,
  I 'iss Dod 'ood take him away!

I ain't seen my bootiful mamma
  Since ever so lon' adoe,
An' I ain't her own darlin'est bady
  No londer, 'tause B'idget says so.

O, I'se a poor 'ittle sowwowful bady—
  An' B'idget's away down 'tairs!
De kitten have sc'atched my finger,
  An' my Dolly 'on't say her pwayers!

WHEN DAD ENJOYED HIMSELF.

Comedy Monologue for Small Boy.

[Boy *enters and begins to talk when he gets near stage front.*]

I WISH I had known my dad when he was a kid, instead of knowing him now when he's growly most of the time. He was the real thing.

I know it because I heard dad's mother, that's my grandmother, whisper to my mother, "Why, John was a regular little devil when he was a boy. He was just full of fun and I can't see for the life of me what makes him so glum all the time now."

Ma said she knew it and that the old man was jolly enough when he was courting her. She didn't say "old man" of course, but that's what she meant all right, because I've heard her say lots of times that dad's the only man that ever courted her, and then dad always says that she's the only girl he ever courted.

Then ma says: "Well, you're glad you're married?" as if she kinder didn't think so, and dad always says, "Of course. Are you?" And ma says, "I guess I am," with a lot of ginger in her voice.

Well, when they tell each other that they're glad they're married anyhow, that's usually the end of the first round. I always know just what dad's going to say next. He says, "What we need is a little real fun," and ma says, "That's so. What shall we do?" Ma's just dying to go to the theatre or the opera, but the old man can't seem to catch on. He blurts right out the first thing when ma says where will they go with saying that they must go somewhere in the country.

The next thing dad does is to get out a lot of old maps. Maps is the only thing he's really stuck on. He pretends that he only uses 'em to pick out a place to go to and I s'pose he really thinks that's what he's doing, but tain't so. His fun is just in looking at 'em Why, dad and ma have traveled millions of miles on those maps, sitting on the couch, but that's the only way they get anywhere.

He'll begin by asking ma how she'd like Nova Scotia, for in-

stance. She says 'twould be lovely. Then he's just mean enough to pretend Nova Scotia is her idea and he'll say: "Well, if you are set on going there, I'll get a month's vacation and we'll try it. I guess 'twould do us good."

Then dad measures off places in Nova Scotia with a pencil and lays the pencil down on that little line in the corner with little feelers on it that looks like a worm on its back, to see how many miles off one place is from another. If it's less than a hundred miles he says: "Now, it would be very interesting to walk that distance and see the country. How would you like to take a tramping trip?" And ma says it would be lovely, if her feet didn't trouble her so.

That usually makes the old man a little glummer than he was before. Then he starts out something about riding and begins to figure out the fares and the time-tables.

Well, when dad gets to figuring ma slips into my room, and yawns. Then she goes back and asks him if he thinks they can afford it. She just does that to keep the fun going, for it starts him right off on another hour's figuring to see how much money he'll earn the next six months and how much he'll spend.

But after dad has had the fun of figuring up what he's made last year and dividing that by fifty-two, he multiplies that by twenty-four weeks of the next six months and subtracts a lot of things from that. What's left is for Nova Scotia, and he gets real hopeful.

But the other day dad tried to have real fun. Ma suggested that it might do him good to go to a real funny show without her or me to look after. He said kind of mournful that he was afraid there might be a reaction after a funny show. Ma said "Nonsense!" so dad went to the theatre.

I sneaked down the fire-escape with fifty cents out of the ice money to follow him, for I'd risk any kind of a licking to see dad really cut loose and laugh. I had a quarter besides for carfare. First he walked up and down in front of half a dozen theatres. I suppose he was trying to decide which one to go to. I went on the other side of the street behind a lot of cabs and kept my eye

on him. Finally he went in downstairs to a high-priced seat. That's just like dad, and he talks more about saving money, his ma says, than any man she knows.

I went up in nigger heaven and got in the front row where I could look over. It took me most ten minutes to pick out the old man. He's getting bald, and the top of his head looks just like the top of any other head a mile away. It seemed like a mile up there, anyway.

I kept looking from the folks on the stage to dad and back again, 'cause I wanted to see the show myself and see the old man laugh too. But he didn't move and he didn't clap, and I lost half the show watching him for nothing until pretty soon there was an awful racket and smash behind the scenes and a big dummy in a yellow overcoat shot head first across the back of the stage and landed with an awful thump on the other side. And in about two seconds in walked a little short fat man with a yellow coat on, just like the dummy's, and an automobile cap. He let on that he was the dummy we had just seen and said that he was full of gasoline after the explosion. Well, you'd thought every one in that theatre was going to bust laughing and in a minute after everybody else had got their laugh started I heard a yell downstairs. There was dad with his head so far back that I could see his eyes and the end of his whiskers going up and down, and he was slapping the arms of his chair with both hands.

Then I yelled and everybody downstairs was looking at dad and everybody upstairs was looking at me. You couldn't stop the old man after that. He let out enough laugh for a whole year, and I'd have swiped another fifty cents just to have had ma with me there to see him.

After the show he forgot all about going to cheap restaurants to save money for Nova Scotia, but braced right into a swell place. I was hungry, too, so I sneaked into the same place so I could keep an eye on dad.

First he had something yellowish to drink with a round red thing in it. I think he grinned again, after he put that down, but I ain't sure. Then he had some raw clams and pretty soon a great

big platter of something with a silver cover on top and a silver pail with some ice and a bottle in it. He looked pleasant enough to have his picture taken.

I slipped out and waited across the street for dad. It seemed like an hour before he came out. He took the first car that came along and we got on the same ferry-boat.

Then the funniest thing happened you ever heard of. There weren't any wagons on that boat and nobody in the middle part for horses. I'll be hanged if dad didn't go in there all alone and begin saying over some of the funny things they had said at the show. Then he whistled some rag-time and kept kicking up and dancing back and forth across the boat like they did in the show.

I thought I would bust then, but the best of all was when dad took a run and fell down head first on purpose just like a fellow sliding for a base. He was practising doing what the dummy in the yellow coat did. Then the boat bumped into the slip and dad went right past me. I heard him kinder talking to himself and saying he guessed he could be funny and cheerful 'round the house if he tried.

I heard dad and ma talking in their room that night, but couldn't hear what they said, only I heard 'em both laugh, and was tickled to death. But dad's whole plan was ruined in the morning.

Ma and me got to the table first, as usual, and waited for dad. We heard him whistling in the other room, trying to work up gradual, I suppose, to being real lively. Ma looked pleased as pie. In a minute dad came through the hall and just as he reached the dining-room he gave a yell and fell flat.

It was the dummy trick, and I roared. Ma gave me a cuff and kneeled right down on the floor side of dad and said: "Oh, John, are you hurt?"

She couldn't have said a worse thing. Her game was to laugh when dad tried so hard as that to be funny, but he hadn't tipped her off, because he wanted to surprise her. So, when she asked if he was hurt, he just said "No," solemn as an owl and went to the table.

It was the glummest breakfast we ever had.

LAUGHING AND CRYING.

Comedy Monologue for Man or Woman.

G. A. LANDRUM.

Arranged as monologue and business given expressly for this book by Howell L. Piner.

LAUGHING.

[*Enter stage laughing heartily and address conversation entirely to audience.*]

I WOULD be willing to choose my friend by the quality of his laugh. [*Give a glad, gushing laugh.*] A clear, ringing note of soul [*give it*] as surely indicates a genial and genuine nature as the rainbow in the dewdrop heralds the beautiful day.

A laugh is one of God's truths. [*Laugh heartily.*] It tolerates no disguises. [*Laugh very cordially.*] A falsehood may train the voice to flow in softest cadences [*laugh characteristically*], the face to wreathe into smiles of surpassing sweetness [*give broad smile*], to put on the look we trust in, but the mockery becomes apparent to the careful observer.

Who has not started and shuddered at the hollow "He! he! he!" of some velvet-voiced Mephistopheles? Leave nature alone. [*Laugh very heartily, giving some variations from preceding laughs.*] If she is noble, her broadest expression will soon tone itself down to fine accordance with life's real earnestness. If she is base, no silken interweaving can keep out of sight her ugly head of discord.

Laugh if you want to live well. [*Laugh heartily.*] He only exists who drags his days after him like a massive chain, asking sympathy with uplifted brows as the beggar asks alms. Better die for your own sake and for the world's sake than to pervert the uses and graces and dignities of life. There is no need to lay our girlhood and boyhood down so doggedly upon the altar of sacrifice as we toil up life's mountain side. Gray hairs should no

longer be the insignia of age, but the crown of ripe and perennial youth.

Laugh for your health. [*Do so very heartily.*] Laugh for your beauty. [*Do so comically.*] The joyous carry a fountain of light in their eyes and around in their dimples where the echoes of gladness play "hide-and-seek." But your lean and hungry Cassius is never betrayed into a laugh. If we put a laugh into a strait-jacket [*laugh hollowly*], we kill the soul of joy. If we attempt to refine, we destroy its pure, mellifluent ring. If we suppress a laugh [*illustrate*], it mocks the effort that puts it forth.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone." Laugh and be judged by it. [*Laugh heartily.*] Laugh and set the echoes ringing all about you. [*Laugh more heartily.*] Laugh and grow fat. [*Laugh heartily as you leave stage.*]

CRYING.

[*Enter stage crying bitterly and then address audience.*]

I would be willing to choose my girl by the quality of her cry [*a sad, weeping countenance*]. A quiet sob from the heart [*illustrate*] as surely indicates the tender and sympathetic nature as anything a girl ever did or is likely to do.

A cry is one of God's truths. [*Cry bitterly.*] It tolerates no disguises. [*Cry in great agony.*] Leave nature alone. [*Cry wildly.*] Cry if you want to "hold your own." [*Cry lustily.*] He only strives against nature who giggles. Cry with all your heart. [*Cry bitterly.*]

I don't blame the babies for crying. It's the first privilege of existence. Cry for your beauty. [*Beauty's cry should be full of grimaces.*] Cry when you have the toothache. [*Cry as in pain.*]

NOTE.

After giving the monologue "Laughing," wait a moment and then give the monologue "Crying," as an encore. The two monologues may also be successfully given at one time by two different persons who appear simultaneously on stage, one laughing heartily, the other crying bitterly. The Laugher recites his first sentence with full business; then the Crier recites his first sentence with full business, they alternating in this way until the end.

A FLORENTINE JULIET.

Romantic, Pathetic, Italian Monologue in Verse for a Woman.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED: FLORENTINE MOTHER, Speaker, present; RENZO, her son, supposed to be present.

COSTUME: That of a matron of the 12th to 14th Century—a house costume.

STAGE-SETTING: Boudoir interior of the 12th to 14th century.

SCENE: At rise of curtain MOTHER is seated near a table looking down at Son who is supposed to be seated near her.

WHAT is it, my Renzo? What is thy desire?
To hear my story—hear the whole of it?
Ah, boy, with eyes still full of childish dreams,
And yet with manhood on the firm young lip,
'Tis a hard thing to ask me, and a strange.

Yet must I do this hard thing for thy sake,
Since who shall do it for thee, if not I?
Thy father, who had else more fitly told,
Is at the wars, the weary, wasting wars.
Long years ago he sailed unto the wars,
And dead or living, comes not back to us.

Thou bearest an honorable name, my son,
Two mighty houses meet and blend in thee:
For I, thy mother, of the warlike line
Of Bardi, lords of Florence in past time,
Was daughter, and thy sire Ippolito
Sprang from the Buondelmonti, their sworn foes:
For we were Guelph and they were Ghibelline,

And centuries of wrong, and seas of blood,
And old traditional hatreds sundered us.

Even in my babyhood I heard the name
Of Buondelmonti uttered 'twixt set teeth
And coupled with a curse, and I would pant
And knit my brows and clench my tiny fist
And whimper at the very sound of it:
Whereat my father, stout Amerigo,
Would catch me up and toss me overhead,
And say I was best Bardi of them all:
And if his sons but matched his only maid
They'd make quick work of the black Ghibellines
And of Buondelmonti.

So I grew
To woman's stature, and men called me fair,
And suitors, like a flight of bees, began
To hum and cluster wheresoe'er I moved.
And then there came the day—that fateful day,
When little Ghan, my father's latest born,
Was carried for chrism to the baptistry.
And standing, all unaware, beside the font,
I looked across the dim and crowded church
And saw a face, a dazzling, youthful face,
A face that smote my vision like a star:
With golden locks, and eyes divinely bright
Like San Michele in the picture there,
Fixed upon mine.

Had any whispered then
It was Ippolito, our foeman's son,
At whom I gazed, I should have turned away.
My father's daughter sure had turned away.
But nothing warned me, nothing hindered him,
We looked upon each other—Fate so willed—
And with our eyes our hearts met.

And still that tender, radiant gaze wooed mine,
And still I felt the enchantment burn and burn,
But would not turn my head or look again:
And all that night I lay and felt those eyes,
And day by day they seemed to follow me,
Like unknown planets of some strange new heaven
Whose depths I dared not question or explore;
And love and hate so strove for mastery,
Within my girl's heart made their battle-field,
That all my forces failed and life grew faint.

He for his part set forth with heart afire,
To learn my name—sad knowledge, easy gained,
Leaving the learner stricken with a chill.
And after that wherever I might go—
To ball or feast, I saw him, only him!
And while the other cavaliers pressed round
To praise my face or dress or hold my fan,
Or bid me to the dance, he stood aloof
With passionate eyes, but never might draw near
For still my brother Piero or my sire
Was close behind, with dark-set brows intent
To watch him that he did not dare to speak.

At last, with baffling of his heart-sick hope
And long suspense and sorrow he fell ill:
And in a moment when life's tide ran low
He told his mother all: she, loving him well
And loth to see him perish thus forlorn,
Became his ally, spoke him words of cheer,
And with my cousin Contessa, her sworn friend,
She counsel took: and so, betwixt the two,
It came about that on a day of spring
We met: a meeting cunningly contrived,
In an old villa past the walls.
My mother had led me thither, knowing naught,

And I, naught knowing, had wandered for a space
Among the boskage and the fragrant vines;
I heard the soft throb of a mandolin,
And next a voice, divinely sweet it seemed,
A voice unheard till then, and yet I knew
The voice for his.

The music ceased, the while spell-bound I stayed,
Then came a rustle, he was at my feet!
Few moments might we stay, and few words speak:
But love is swift of tongue, all was arranged,
The plan of our escape, the hour, the place,
And that Ippolito, next night but two,
With a rope ladder hidden 'neath his cloak,
Should stand beneath my window. Once on ground
A priest should wait to bind us quickly one.
Then a mad gallop, ere the dawn of day,
Would set us safely forth beyond the rule
Of the Black Lily.

With his vanishing
The thing grew like a dream, and as in a dream
I seemed to walk the next day and the next;
For all my thoughts were of that coming night,
And all my fear was lest it should not come.
And all the old-time animosities,
And all the hates bred in me from a child,
And feudal faith and loyalties were dead;
I was no more a Bardi; Love ruled all.

It came, the night, and on the stroke of twelve
I stood at the casement, wrapped in veil, with mask
And muffling cloak laid ready close beside;
And there I stood and watched and heard the bells
Strike one, two, three, and saw the rose of dawn

Deepen to day, and still my love came not.
Then fearing to be spied, I crept to bed,
And lying in a weary trance, half sleep,
Heard shouts and cries and noise of joyful stir
Run through the palace, and quick echoing feet,
And little Cosmo thundering at my door.
"Wake, Dianora, here is glorious news,
Ippolito, our foeman's only son,
Is caught red-handed on some midnight raid,
Taken with a rope-ladder 'neath his cloak,
Bound for some theft or felony, no doubt:
And, as he offers neither excuse nor plea,
He is to suffer at the hour of noon,
In spite of his fond father's threats and cries.
All that the criminal asks by way of boon
Is he may pass our palace as he goes
Unto the scaffold. A queer fancy that,
But all the better sport it makes for us,
And we need neither pity nor deny;
So rise, sweet sister, don your bravest gear,
For all the household on the balcony
Will be to jeer the fellow as he wends."

My boy, look not so startled, those were bitter days.
What was I saying? So I rose that day
A traitor unsuspected 'mid his foes,
Who were my friends, hiding 'neath feigned smiles
A purpose desperate as was my hope.
I rose and let them deck me as they would,
Put on my jewels, star my hair with pearls,
And all the while a voice like funeral dirge
Sang in my half-crazed ears or seemed to sing
The fragment and the cadence of a song,
"Ah death, the end of grief, what do I care?"
Then took my station on the balcony,
In the mid place, the very front of all,

To see the hated foeman of our race
Led past the palace on his way to die!
Long time we waited, till the fear began
To stir that some mischance had marred the plan,
And still I sat and smiled, and while the bells
Tolled, and they talked and buzzed, I only prayed,
"O pitying Virgin, only grant he come!"

They came at last, the Bargello and his troop,
And in the midst my love with hands fast tied
And golden locks uncurled and face all wan,
But still with gallant bearing, and his eyes
Fixed upon mine—me, for whose sake he died,
For whose sweet honor's sake he silent died.
There was a little halt and then a cry
Of fierce joy rang from out our balcony.
Now was my time: all sudden sprang I up,
And while the astonished crowd kept silence deep,
And they, my kin, amazed, sat silent, too,
I loudly told our tale, our woful tale,
And made avowal that 'twas for my sake
Ippolito his noble silence kept!
Then, while my brother strove to stop my mouth
And fierce hands clutched my gown and seized my arms,
I clung and pleaded: "Find the holy friar,
Good people, only send to find the friar—
Find him for pity's sake; he will confirm
All I have said and prove my truth, and his,
And save my dear love, slain for love of me."
Then a great cry arose; some this way ran,
Some that, and suddenly, amid the press
A cowl was seen, and Fra Domenico,
Breathless with haste, just conscious of our need,
Ran in the midst, and then, I know not what,
For all was tumult; but my love stood free,
Free and unbound, and all the populace

Shouted our two-fold names, "Ippolito
And Dianora," and the bells broke out,
And with the bells the sun and all the air
Seemed full of interlaced and tangled sounds.
Cries and glad pealings and our blended names
On one side; on the other stormy words,
Reproach and curses.

Then the Podesta
And many great lords came, and all passed in,
And up the stairs and filled the palace full,
And high and low joined in an equal plea
That the long feud be stanched, and as a pledge
Of lasting peace we two be wedded straight.
But still my father frowned and closed his ears,
And still my brothers fumbled at their swords:
But when Count Buondelmonti, aged and gray,
And shattered with the horror just escaped,
Suspense and heavy sickness, hurried in
And kissed my hands and knelt before my feet
And blessed me, the savior of his son,
While with redoubled zeal the Podesta
Urged, and the noble lords—Heaven touched their hearts—
They gave consent, and so the feud was healed,
And the next day my love and I were wed.
And twenty glad years came and fleetly sped.
Ah me! and then he sailed unto the wars,
And all the years that have gone by since then
Are as sad night-shades steeped in deadly dews.
Death has been busy with us, as thou knowest.
Thou art the youngest of my six fair sons,
Thou art the only one to close my eyes.
If I shall wake in Paradise one day
And find him safe, safely still my own,
And see his eyes with the old steadfast look,
Why that will be enough, that will be Heaven!

PRESSED FOR TIME.

Comedy Monologue for a Man.

CHARLES DE SIVRY.

Translated expressly for this book by Lucy Hayes Macqueen.

CHARACTER: The Man Pressed for Time.

COSTUME: Society Frenchman.

SCENE: Room of a Society Man. Couches, chairs, table, etc. One man supposed to be seated near table. Society Man stands near him.

MY dear friend, I beg a thousand pardons, but I must leave you at once—I am very busy—exceedingly pressed for time.

[*Makes for the door, but just at the door returns again to his friend.*]

By the way, did I tell you something? No? Well, it's all the general's fault. He was telling me about that everlasting old campaign of his and I was pretending to listen—not heeding one word, you know,—he was going on: "I massed my men with a sharp turn, scattered the men of the 28th, everything was going beautifully"—just then my fiancée came toward us, and as I leaned forward to make a pretty little speech to her, all the time pretending to be engrossed with the general, something twitched my cup of chocolate out of my hand and all over the pale blue chiffon gown of my cousin. I rushed from the room covered with shame, the ridicule of all the people in the room,—*and chocolate.* So, that is why my engagement is broken off—such an excellent match, too.

I am going to try to make up the misunderstanding to-day. The ladies go every afternoon between two and three to that well-known little confectioner's shop on the Boulevard to nibble maca-

rooms and discuss—their neighbors; and I am going to meet them there to-day and try to get in her good graces again.

[*Consults his watch.*]

It is now just ten minutes of three. I have not much time to lose. Well, I'll say good-bye. Pardon me for being in such a hurry, but you understand.

[*He makes another attempt to leave, but returns just as he reaches the door.*]

By the way, did I tell you that the general is a very useful friend to keep in with? If I get the embassy I am seeking, it will be through his recommendation; only for that I would not waste my time listening to his old campaign yarns. Time is too precious. Besides [*laughing*], you know about that famous "sharp turn" he is always talking about? Well, it is a matter of history that he was beaten all to pieces by the enemy—done up like hot cakes—oh, that reminds me—speaking of cakes—of the ladies and the confectioner's shop.

[*Consults watch.*]

Heavens! I must be going. It is five minutes after three.

[*Makes another attempt to leave, but returns as before.*]

Oh, apropos of nothing in particular, have you heard the sad news? Gaëton, my best friend, and yours, too, I believe,—well, his life is despaired of. He is terribly low, poor fellow. It came about from a quarrel. He has broken with the little countess—all for nothing—a mere trifle. They had a true love-affair this time. It has lasted three months now. He is ill, in bed,—fever and the blues—pulse, 450 beats per minute.

[*Consults his watch.*]

Too bad! It is a quarter after three! I have missed the ladies. Well, never mind, I'll see them at the opera this evening—"Aux Italiens"—they never miss it. And now I'll just run over and see the minister of foreign affairs about my embassy. I'll just be in time, for the general leaves every day at half-past three; but I must hurry, so good-bye.

[*Rushes to a window and hails an imaginary cab.*]

Coachman! Coachman! Oh, it is taken. Well, never mind. I'll walk fast. Good-bye, again.

[*Makes another attempt to leave, but returns again.*]

Poor Gaëton, who is ill with the fever, I promised him that I would stop at the countess's and tell her what a state he is in—his despair, his sorrow, his penitence. I think she will listen to me—she *must* listen to me. I will speak eloquently, like this:

[*Addressing an imaginary countess:*]

"Madam, if you only saw him this morning as I saw him, you would be all pity for his miserable state. Madam, it is his life that I beg from you—his life! He said to me: 'If you are not back here at four o'clock *precisely* with good news from the countess, then I shall know that she wants no more to do with me, and I shall *immediately, precisely at five minutes past four, blow out my brains.*' And you know that he will keep his word."

[*Addressing the imaginary friend.*]

He really will, too. He's a hot-headed fellow. He is such a serious fellow, too, withal, he could have made his fortune as a lyric poet! I shall carry his pardon to him in a paper—a little violet scented note.

[*Running to the window and frantically hailing another cab.*]

Coachman! Coachman! Why is it that every cab in Paris is engaged this afternoon?

[*Consulting watch.*]

It's no use. The general is gone now. It is half-past three! Where can I find him? What an unfortunate day it has been for me! He was waiting for me, too, and he will be furious at my disappointing him. He has left in a rage, by this time. Heavens! I wish I knew where I could find him! And it is all your fault! You detain me here talking and gossiping when you know I have important business to attend to. Oh, I do not blame you. When people are talking time flies so quickly one does not notice. But I must run now. I shall go to the countess's house—the little countess—for I must save my friend's life. He distinctly told me that if I am not back with him at four o'clock, he will blow out

his brains at five minutes after four. He will do it, too. Oh, the women! Good evening.

[*Makes another attempt to leave, but returns again.*]

[*Quickly.*] I will go now to the countess's house and will tell her in two words what I have told you.

Then, I'll whisper in her ear to make my excuses to the general, her husband, and I'll ask her to try to get him to sign the papers for me. So you see, I'll kill two birds with one stone. Afterward, I'll run to poor Gaëton with the good news—for I shall carry nothing but good news. As a diplomat, you can depend upon me.

And they say that the world thinks that society men have all their time unoccupied! What injustice! They think we are lazy. Well, now, at last, everything will come around all right! This evening at "Aux Italiens" I shall have patched up my engagement, received pardon from the general, and saved the life of my best friend.

[*Consults watch.*]

Great Heavens! It is five minutes after four o'clock!

He is dead!

BETTY BOTTER'S BATTER.

BETTY BOTTER bought some butter,
"But," she said, "this butter's bitter.
If I put it in my batter,
It will make the batter bitter,
But a bit of better butter
Will make my batter better."
So she bought a bit of butter
Better than the bitter butter
And made her bitter batter better.
So 'twas better Betty Botter
Bought a bit of better butter.

TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

Comedy and Dramatic Monologue for a Woman.

METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

Arranged as monologue and directions given expressly for this book.

CHARACTERS: MISS GUMBIDGE, Boarding-House Mistress, Speaker present; DORA, and several Gentlemen supposed to be present.

COSTUME: Gray wig, red flannel nightcap, red flannel nightgown, old dark petticoat showing beneath nightgown, teeth all out (may be made to look so by blacking each tooth with shoemaker's wax). Skin made-up to look wrinkled and old.

SCENE: Hall-way (L. side of stage). Room where fire is supposed to be is at R. of stage. Miss Gumbidge stands facing entrance to the room. She jumps about a good deal and calls at top of lungs.]

SCENE I.

DORA! Dora! Dora! wake up, wake up, I say! Don't you smell something burning? Wake up, child! Don't you smell fire? Goodness, so do I! I thought I wasn't mistaken. The room's full of smoke. Oh, dear! what shall we do? Don't stop to put on your petticoat. We'll all be burned to death. Fire! fire! fire!

[*Turns quickly and looks toward stage front where* MR. LITTLE *is supposed to be standing.*]

Yes, there is! I don't know where! It's all over,—our room's all ablaze, and Dora won't come out till she gets her dress on. Mr. Little, you *shan't* go in—I'll hold you—you'll be killed just to save that chit of a girl, when I—I— He's gone—rushed right into the flames!

[*Seems exhausted after her effort to hold* MR. LITTLE *from going into her room.*]

Oh, my house, my furniture, all my earnings! Can't anything be done? Fire! fire! fire!

[*Another boarder seems to have entered and stands just where* MR. LITTLE *stood.*]

Call the fire-engines! Ring the dinner-bell! Be quiet? How can I be quiet? Yes, it's all in flames; I saw them myself! Where's my silver spoons? Oh, where's my teeth, and my silver soup-ladle? Let me be! I'm going out into the street before it's too late!

[MISS GUMBIDGE *suddenly makes for stage front as if about to leave, then acts as if stopped by some one.*]

Oh, Mr. Grayson, have you got water? Have you found the place? Are they bringing water?

[*Drops into chair near stage front C.*]

Did you say the fire was out? Was that you that spoke, Mr. Little? I thought you were burned up, sure. And there's Dora, too. How did they get out? My clothes-closet was on fire, and the room, too! We would have been smothered in five minutes more if we hadn't waked up! But it's all out now, and no damage done but my dresses destroyed and the carpet spoiled. Thank the Lord, if that's the worst! But it *ain't* the worst! Dora, come along this minute to my room. Don't you see—don't you see I'm in my night-clothes? I never thought of it before. I'm ruined,—ruined completely! Gentlemen, get out of the way as quickly as you can.

[*Rushes wildly into her room dragging* DORA *with her.*]

Dora, shut the door.

[MISS GUMBIDGE *rushes to dresser at stage R. and gazes at herself.*]

Hand me that candle—I want to look at myself in the glass. To think that all those gentlemen should have seen me in this fix! I'd rather have perished in the flames. It's the very first night I've worn these flannel nightcaps, and to be seen in 'em. Good gracious, how old I do look! Not a spear of hair on my head, scarcely, and this red nightgown and old petticoat on, and my teeth in the tumbler and the paint all washed off my face, and

scared besides! It's no use! I never, never again can make any of *those* men believe that I'm only twenty-five; and I felt so sure of some of them. They say that new boarder is a drawing-master. I know he'll caricature me for the amusement of the young men. Only think how my portrait would look taken to-night! and he'll have it, I'm sure, for I noticed him looking at me,—the first thing that reminded me of my situation after the fire was put out. Well, there's but one thing to be done, and that's to put a bold face on it. I'll pretend to something—I don't know just what—to get myself out of this scrape, if I can.

[*Exit from room and stage.*]

SCENE II.

STAGE-SETTING: Dining-room with table down stage C., chairs about table.

[*Enter* MISS GUMBIDGE *gotten up in latest morning gown. She bows right and left as she approaches table, seats herself very carefully at head of table and then beams on each boarder in turn while she sees them properly served.*]

Good morning, gentlemen, good morning! We had quite a fright last night, didn't we? Dora and I came pretty near paying dear for a little frolic. You see, we were dressing up in character to amuse ourselves, and I was all fixed up to represent an old woman, and had put on a gray wig and an old flannel gown that I'd found, and we'd set up pretty late, having some fun all to ourselves; and I expect Dora must have been pretty sleepy, when she was putting some of the things away, and set fire to a dress in the closet, without noticing it. I've lost my whole wardrobe, nigh about, by her carelessness; but it's such a mercy we weren't burned in our bed that I don't care to complain so much on that account. Isn't it curious how I got caught dressed up like my grandmother? We didn't suppose we were going to appear before so large an audience when we planned out our little frolic. Don't you think I'd personify a pretty good old woman, gentlemen—ha! ha!—for a lady of my age? What's that, Mr. Little? You

wish I'd make you a present of that nightcap, to remember me by? Of course; I've no further use for it. It's one of Bridget's that I borrowed for the occasion, and I've got to give it back to her. Have some coffee, Mr. Grayson—do! I've got cream for it this morning. Mr. Smith, help yourself to some of the beefsteak. It's a very cold morning—fine weather out-of-doors. Eat all you can, all of you. Have you any profiles to take yet, Mr. Gamboge? I *may* make up my mind to set for mine before you leave us; I've always thought I should have it taken some time. In character? He! he! Mr. Little, you're so funny! But you'll excuse *me* this morning, as I had such a fright last night. I must go and take up that wet carpet.

[MISS GUMBIDGE *gets up, smiles and bows to all at table and exits.*]

READY FOR A KISS.

MAMMA, I'se been washin'—
Don't you see I has?
Curled my hair my own se'f
Sweetest ever was!
Nozzer time I was not
Half so nice as this—
See, I'se fixed up, mamma,
Ready for a kiss!

Johnny's having trouble—
Dreffle trouble, too—
Bird-eggs in his pocket,
Keeps a-comin' froo!
I ain't a dirt baby—
Does you think I is?
I'se your little Taddie,
Ready for a kiss!

THE LITTLE FRIEND IN THE MIRROR.

Comedy Monologue for Very Young Girl.

ANNA M. PHILLY.

Written expressly for this book.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED: SMALL GIRL, Speaker, present; her friend and playmate, MARY, her BIG SISTER, TOM and BOB, all supposed to be present sometime during the monologue.

COSTUME: SMALL GIRL wears BIG SISTER'S silk skirt and carries her best fan.

STAGE-SETTING: Dressing-room interior. Large mirror so placed that audience can get profile view of SMALL GIRL and of her reflection in mirror as she sits before mirror making-up with powder, etc. Near large mirror is table on which is placed doll, powder box, bow of ribbon, etc. About the room are chairs, couch, etc.

SCENE AT RISE OF CURTAIN: SMALL GIRL standing near couch on which sits MARY.

SMALL GIRL.

NOW, Mary, the boys are gone, and you and I will have a good time with our dollies. I don't see what makes boys so mean, do you? They had rather tease than eat. Whenever they see me talking to you they call out, "Oh, how do you do, Mary?" in such a silly way. I get so provoked at them.

[*Listening.*] I wonder what that noise was? Excuse me just a moment, and I'll go see. [*Runs to imaginary door and looks out.*] No, Mary, it was a false alarm; they are playing ball behind the barn, so we are safe.

[*Admiring doll's dress.*] Oh, thank you! I'm so glad you like it. My grandma made it. Oh, it's just dimity. Yes, I think she looks sweet in it. How is your baby this morning? What? You don't say! What's the matter? I'll bet it's amonia on the lungs! That's what Mrs. Paul's little boy had, and he died; wasn't sick but two days! You'd better be careful with her. I'm just in fear

and trembling (as mamma says), I'm so afraid Marabel will get amonia or brownkitties, or something contiduous. Humph! What does "contiduous" mean? Why, it means—let me see, what *does* it mean? Oh, yes, I know; it means something catching, like diphtheria! Oh, that makes me think, did you know my Uncle Herbert's children had the diphtheria? Oh, yes, they're all well now; but when they were so awful sick that old German woman who lives next door—what is her name? Yes, that's it—Mrs. Blitzenhoffer. Well, when she saw the card out she came over and tapped on the window and said, "Och, Mrs. Schmidt, I vas so sorey your chillerns got the dip-te-rá-ri-a—Och, dat was too bad!" Wasn't that funny?

And—Oh! you mean, hateful boys! if you don't go away and stop teasing me I'll tell mamma. I didn't say my doll had dip-te-rá-ri-a, or any such thing! I just said—— [*Calling up stairs.*] Mamma! make Tom and Bob go off and stop teasing me. I'm not a tell-tale either! Oh, what does make boys so mean? I wouldn't be a boy for the world!

Oh, where is that pretty bow of ribbon? I'm going to put it in my hair. Oh, here it is. Yphm! I think my hair looks pretty this way. Now, isn't that sweet? This dress? Oh, it's sister Amy's. [*Parades up and down in front of mirror, admiring her gown.*] She has just loads of 'em. You know she plays and sings for concerts so much and has so many beaux, so she has to have lots of different kinds. Humph? Oh, I don't know what the goods is, but it's pretty, don't you think? And I like it.

Now, let's put a little powder on our faces. Oh, don't you long to be a young lady? Yes, this is sister's fan, too. Oh, one of her beaux gave it to her—Tom Stewart, I think. Bah! no, she don't care a thing for him. He has such red hair, and such lots of freckles. But he's awful good, mamma says, and has lots of money, and he's awful nice to little sister. He always brings me marshmallows—a whole lot, fresh ones, too; he don't try to poke off a lot of cheap stuff on me like some of the other old stingies do.

There! I thought I heard something. I'll bet those boys are sneaking round again. [*Goes to door and looks out.*] Oh, it's

my sister! What? Well, how did I know it was your newest skirt? Well, I just thought it was pretty, and I'm not hurting it one bit. Well, take your old skirt and fan. [*Kicks skirt off and tosses fan.*] I don't want 'em, anyway! Maybe you'd like me to give you the powder I put on my face [*sarcastically*]. I'm not vain, either! Well, you can tell mamma, if you want to. She said I could play up here.

There! she's gone—Mary. Big sisters are almost as mean as boys. When *I* get to be a big sister I'm going to be just as good to all the little girls, and let them play with anything I've got!

Didn't sister look hateful and cross when she went out? My! how she slammed the door! But you ought to have seen her last night when Fred Martin called. He's the one she likes best. She had that skirt on that I just kicked off. And she carried her fan and she winked and she smiled, and whenever she didn't understand what he said to her she would say, "Beg pahdon?" Just like our new teacher talks—the one from Boston. My! but she puts it on! Just you wait. The next time he comes 'round I'll let him know she's got a temper.

Say, Mary, I wonder who left their flowers here. Daisies are my favorites. Let's tell our fortunes. Name it, Mary. Are you ready?

"One I love, two I love,
Three I love, I say.
Four I love with all my heart,
And five I cast away.
Six, he loves, seven she loves,
Eight they both love,
Nine he comes, ten he tarries."

Who is it? Pooh! I don't care for him, anyway; he's—— [*Listens.*] Now, Tom, if you don't let me alone I'll—I wasn't, either, talking about Teddy St. Clair. I was just practicing my new recitation and getting ready for school. There goes the bell now! Dear me! And I'm not ready at all. My! but I'll haft to hustle. [*Gathers up doll and other things as she hastily leaves platform.*]

DAWSON'S WOMAN.

Dramatic Pathetic Western Dialect Monologue in Verse for a Man.

W. MILLER.

CHARACTER: WESTERNER, Speaker, present.

COSTUME: Western farmer.

SCENE: Westerner enters, moves along as if listening to someone, nods his head and then speaks.

WANT to hear about Jim Dawson? he's a little tetched, you know;
Somethin' ails his upper story—kinder cracked—he's harmless, though.
How it sends the chilly shivers up an' down my spinal bone,
Freezes up my very marrer, when I think how Dawson's gone!
But about that Dawson fam'ly. Jim, he come in eighty-four,
Took up land an' built a shanty, batched it fer a year or more;
Jim wuz such a jolly feller—such a bang-up clever one,
That we liked him, an' we used to ask him over, an' he come

Purty often; Marthy wondered if he'd took a shine to Cad—
She's our oldest gal, an' handsome, if she does look like her dad;
But Jim didn't do no courtin' 'round our gals, an' soon the boy,
Blushin' awkward, tol' my folks he'd got a gal in Illinoy.
Then he got more confidential after that, an' said that he
Would be married in September; said her folks wuz farmers; she
Hed been teachin' school a little, so's to help her folks to hum;
Said she made han'-painted picters, an' could play pianer some.

Wal, he brought her in September. Phew! but she was purty, though;
My gals couldn't hold a candle to her, an' yet they ain't so slow:
My two gals hev got the muscle, they kin plow an' use the hoe,
But 'long side 'o her, fer beauty, my gals didn't stan' no show.
An' ye'd ort to see that shanty blossom out when she got there—

White lace curtains at the winders, ingrain carpet on the floor,
Drapes, an' lamberquins, an' tidies—ribbon bows just filled the air!
Lots o' things I never heard of Dawson's woman brought out here.

Bunch o' cat-tails in the corner—painted chromos everywheres,
Little bags o' scented cotton hangin' on the backs o' chairs;
An' a-standin' in the corner, on a kind o' crooked rack,
Wuz some painted jugs an' vases—think she called 'em bricky-brac.
That ranch paralyzed the natives here; some on 'em used to swear
That it looked like heaven ort to, with a angel hov'rin' there;
I kin tell ye, mister, that it wa'n't exaggeratin' things
Very much, fer Dawson's woman wuz a angel, bar the wings.

Ez fer Jim—wal, now; ye couldn't tech him with a ten-foot pole.
Used to stay to hum on Sundays; ez a man she called Jim "whole."
She wa'n't no shakes at housework, said she never hed no luck;
So Jim washed an' scrubbed the kitchen floor, an' helped her cook the chuck.
She told Marthy, confidential, when they'd got enough ahead—
Built a house with foldin' doors, an' porch an' winder blinds, she said
They'd go back to see her mother, an' she told her, too, that day,
When they got rich, they wuz goin' back to Illinoy to stay.

Their hard time begun that winter, fer the blizzards they raised Ned—
Froze the horses in the stables, froze the cattle in the shed;
Folks took lots of exercise, ye see, the temper'ture wuz low,
An' fuel high; we went without some necessaries, too.
Then the crops played out next season, fer the rust got in the wheat,
Dews an' sunshine done the business, an' our hailstorms can't be beat;

Hail—an' hearty, too, I reckon, fer they pelted at the corn,
Till they drove it out o' sight, an' let no second crop be born.

We're used to it, ez I told ye, but we got downhearted some,
Waitin' fer that summer's harvest, which it never, somehow, come.
Dawson's folks got clean discouraged, never seen 'em smile till—wal,
That there mornin' Jim come over, grinned, an' said they'd got a gal.
Somewhat later, Dawson's woman piled the chromos in a heap,
Packed up all the fancy truck around the ranch, jest made a sweep;
She brought out all the bricky-brac, an' took the curtains down,
Loaded up the one-hoss wagon, took the kid, an' broke fer town.

I saw her comin' up the road, an' hollered, "What's to pay?"
She said, "Why, debts, o' course," then laughed an' turned her face away;
She said they didn't need the things at all—then tried to cough;
She said she'd take 'em up to town an' try to sell 'em off.
I noticed that her eyes wuz red, but she went on to say
How the shanty wuz so crowded that the baby couldn't play.
She sold the traps an' paid the bills, an' hed enough, she did,
To buy a coat fer Jim, an' shoes an' dresses fer the kid.

I think Dawson's wife got homesick; don't believe she liked the West;
Guess she didn't like the sandstones, ner the Injins at their best;
Never'd seen a lively Injin till she come here, an' they used
To skeer her some, likewise the cowboys, prowlin' 'round the roost.
Then a cyclone blew upon us, when the spring wuz gittin' green,
Struck us right an' left an' forrards, till it shaved the country clean;

In a quite emphatic manner lifted all we hed to spare—
Splintered shanties, barns an' fences—kindlin' wood whizzed through the air.

Dawsons went to town that day, or else I don't know where they'd b'en.
They camped with us a week or two till they'd built up again;
We wuz boardin' in the cellar, with a haystack fer a roof,
Which that breeze hed kindly put there, an' we thought it good enough.
Crops wuz more than slim that summer, fer we hed a little drouth
Clean from April to September, not a drop to wet yer mouth
From the sky; we kep' from chokin' at the river, till it slid,
Then brought water by the quart an' counted it by drops, we did.

How the sun swooped down upon us! how it scorched an' cracked the land!
How it parched the fields o' grain an' cooked the taters in the sand!
Sucked up all the cricks an' rivers in Nebrasky, an' I'll bet
It raised a row aloft at night because it hed to set.
After that we had the prairie fire—November, eighty-eight;
If ye want to see the jaws o' hell a-gapin' at ye straight,
With a million hissin' tongues o' flame, an' see them risin' higher,
An' ye hain't got no ranch to save, jest watch a prairie fire.

Miles away we heard it crackle, all the sky wuz blazin' red;
Tumble weeds ez big ez hay-stacks helped to take the flames ahead;
All the land wuz jest like tinder, an' the wind wuz blowin' hard,
So the flames got mighty frisky, seen 'em jump two hundred yard.
Wal, we done some heavy plowin' 'round the Dawson ranch that day,
An' the wind jest took a friendly freak, an' drew the flames our way.

We saved our lives by managin', I might relate jest how,
But I'm tellin' Dawson's story, an' my own ain't nowhere now.

Ez we crawled to Neighbor Dawson's when the fire hed gone
that day,
We saw a bundle, which it 'peared the wind hed blowed away;
It wuz lyin' in the gumbo near the road, an' partly hid,
An' I hope to holler, stranger, if it wuzn't Dawson's kid!
She hed wandered from her mother, in the midst of smoke an'
flare,
She wuz little, so the hungry flames forgot an' left her there,
Lyin' smothered by the roadway; so we took her to the home
Where she'd furnished all the brightness through so many days
o' gloom.

Dawson's woman never held her head up after that, they say—
Teased fer Jim to take her home; he set an' watched her every
day
Till the end, an' told her soon ez he could git enough ahead
They'd go back to Illinoy; "An' take the little one," she said.

* * * * * * * *

Two lone mounds are over yender, on the banks o' Dismal Crick,
'Mongst the gumbo grass an' cactus, an' the sand burs growin'
thick;
But that stream still murmurs softer, an' the birds sing in the air
Jest a little sweeter, fer the sake o' them that's sleepin' there.
Dawson's got some luny notions; he told Parson Gibbs, one day,
That he didn't b'lieve in God, no matter what the preachers say—
Said if there wuz sech a bein', that he wouldn't hev the cheek
To handle folks so rough, when he hed made 'em poor and weak.
Settin' by them grave mounds yender, 'mongst the burs an' prickly
pear,
Dawson spends a heap o' time; he says he's 'feard they're lone-
some there;
Says it ain't no place to keep 'em, an' he told me, jest to-day,
If he ever could he'd take 'em back to Illinoy to stay.

DECEITFULNESS OF MAN.

Comedy New England Dialect Monologue for a Woman.

CHARACTER: AUNT SUSAN, Speaker, present. She directs her conversation to the audience.

SOME say 't when Eve left the Garden a double burden was imposed upon her because she had sinned twice, once in her pride and once in eatin' the fruit, an' thet only a single burden was placed on Adam. I dunno ez thet is true, an' I ain't sayin' it ain't.

My sex has its failin's, and none knows 'em better'n me who has been one of 'em all my life, but sometimes it seems to me we have our burdens. How did Ed Johnson treat my niece, Susan Wiggins, who married him less'n a year ago under false pretenses?

It never made no diff'rence in the relations in our family thet the Wigginses leaned toward Methodism, an' after Susan was named for me I never mention'd it. The Johnsons was mostly Unitarians, which, ez near ez I can calculate, isn't bein' much of anythin' accordin' to rule.

Ed wasn't no better'n the Johnsons run, an' I ain't sayin' he was worse. He had his faults, though, an' manlike he concealed them till after he was married.

Well, Susan Wiggns was brought up about ez strict Methodis' ez any one around here, an' her face was set against cards an' the-aters an' rum an' tobacco about ez much ez any one's, if I do say it myself. When Ed Johnson married her no one told Susan thet he had any bad habits.

I knew thet poor Susan was ez innocent ez a mouse about the wiles of men folks, an' bein' her aunt I made up my mind thet I wouldn't see her imposed on.

Well, I give the young people a month to get settled an' then I went over to take tea with them.

Ed has his father's old house an' a farm thet's so full of rocks thet I don't see how he's goin' to git a livin' an' none of the Hawkins's money is a goin' thet way now when I'm dead an' buried. I wore my cameo brooch thet Susan admired an' my Paisley shawl, for I didn't want her to be shamed by her branch of the family, howsomever the Johnsons might act.

"Why, Susan," says I, as I came in the front door an' was shown right into the parlor an' tol' to set down on the Johnson hair-cloth sofa thet never was used when Ed's mother was alive, "why, Susan," says I, "aren't you young folks gettin' very extravagant, throwin' your parlor open when there ain't no funeral or minister or anythin'? I'm jus' one of the family an' you mustn't make company of me."

"Not a bit of it, Aunt Susan," says she. "Ed says thet if things ain't good to use they ain't good for anythin'."

Where Ed Johnson got such notions ez thet, an' him with a rocky farm, I'm sure I dunno.

I just felt of my cameo brooch, casual like, but thinkin' it might give Susan a hint thet if I saw old Mis' Johnson's things misused I wouldn't be in a hurry to turn my pin over to some one who'd wear it out every day.

Ed came in an' he not only slicked up before tea, but he put on the clothes he was married in, ez fine black broadcloth ez you'd want to see.

"Expectin' company?" says I.

"No one but you, Aunt Susan," says Ed. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh," says I, "I see you're all dressed up. I s'pose thet's 'cordin' to rule now though, ez I see you have the slips all off'n your mother's parlor furniture."

"We only live but once, Aunt Susan," says Ed, "an' I believe in enjoyin' life ez we go along."

Rememberin' thet he was brought up Unitarian an' thinkin' thet it was only one of their new-fangled notions, I didn't argufy the question, but I had my doubts about Susan's happiness.

Ed talked a lot about the stones on his farm bein' some new kind of marble, an' how there was money in them, but I said I

never knew stones to be anythin' but a detriment 'cept for fences. Susan had brought all her plants from home an' I do think thet growin' plants is her pet vanity. When tea was over Ed says:

"Susie, shall I get after the bugs to-night?"

"For mercy sake, Susan," says I, "if I hadn't heard Ed say so I'd never believe it, an' Mis' Johnson was such a careful housekeeper, too! Dear, dear, but thet's too bad."

"Hold on, Aunt," says Ed, "you're on the wrong track," an' then I saw them both laughin' ez if the minister had made a joke.

"Ed's talkin' about the bugs on my plants, Aunt," says Susan, when she stopped laughin'; "an' he found in a newspaper last week a way to kill them. Ed's awfully thoughtful, Aunt."

"Oh," says I, settin' up very straight, "I'm glad to hear it."

I ought to have suspicioned thet somethin' terrible was comin', for if you'll take perceivance you'll notice thet men don't potter around household plants without havin' deep motives. I was thet taken back, however, thet I was speechless.

"Dear Ed," says Susan, "I'd be very thankful if you would give the bugs a dose."

"Certainly, Susie," says he, obligin'-like, and before my eyes he took down from the clock shelf a pipe and a bag of tobacco.

He filled his pipe, went over an' sat down by the plants an' lighted it. I never seen any one smoke more natcheral like. He blew out great puffs of smoke an' there sat Susie lookin' ez proud ez if he was leadin' an experience meetin'.

"Well, for land sakes, Susan Johnson!" says I.

"Now, Aunt," says Susan, "you are wrong. Ed has no bad habits. We both noticed about a week ago thet there was bugs on my plants. I tried liquorish water an' camphor an' I declare I was mos' sick about it. Then Ed came down from the village one night with a piece of one of those N'York papers. It said thet tobacco smoke was the only sure cure for plant bugs.

"'Do you believe it, Ed?' says I.

"'There it is in the paper,' says he.

"'Well,' says I, 'the bugs are gettin' awful on them. I wish you'd thought to bring some tobacco with you.'

" 'I did,' says he. Now, wasn't thet thoughtful of him, Aunt?

"Well, we put a little tobacco on a saucer an' tried to light it, but it wouldn't burn. Ed says that it would only burn in a pipe, an' to make sure of savin' the plants he brought along a pipe.

" 'Did you think, Ed,' says I, 'you could burn a lettle tobacco in a pipe for me without gettin' the habit?'

" 'Sure,' says he. An' he did an' I think it's just lovely of him, so now."

I wasn't born yesterday, an' bein' of a thoughtful mind I've taken some notice to the ways an' tricks of men. I could almost swear thet Ed Johnson winked at me, but bein' a maiden lady I didn't want to say so. Talk about the deceit of women! It was jus' ez I expected. I says to Susan:

"How long has Ed been killin' bugs for you this way?"

"Since las' Saturday," she says.

"Did he burn up more'n one pipeful the first night?"

"Yes," says she, "he said they needed a big dose to begin with an' he's burned three pipefuls. Since then he's burned two pipefuls every night.

"An' didn't the first make him sick?" says I.

"Why, no," says Susan.

"Did Edwin smoke before?" says I, an' I could see he was gettin' nervous.

"No," says Susan, "certainly not."

"Well, then," says I, "all thet I can say is thet——" An' jus' then Ed Johnson says:

"Look out, look out, Aunt Susan; there's a mouse jus' comin' out the buttery door."

I can't abide mice, an' I don't know now whether there was one or not. I have my suspicions. I jumped up on my chair, however, an' Ed knocked around with the broom handle real hard. When he finished makin' a racket he began:

"Oh, Aunt Susan, I heard Joe Stebbins down to the village yesterday tellin' what a good housekeeper you was."

You know thet some people did say thet Joe used to like me better'n Lizzie Hooper, who is now Mis' Stebbins. I wasn't par-

tic'lary curious to know what Joe Stebbins had said about me for myself, but I knew thet if it could get back to Lizzie it would make her real angry, an' I declare, in askin' Ed questions I forgot all about smokin' an' I went home leavin' thet poor child in innocence about thet man's deception.

You can't tell me thet if he hadn't been hardened in the tobacco habit smokin' wouldn't have made him ez sick. You can't fool me. An' I haven't been back to the Johnsons' house since, because Ed ez much ez told me to stay away.

You see, his old rocks did turn out to be marble, an' some folks say ez how he will die rich. They won't need any of the Hawkins money, which is fortunate, considerin'. I suppose such deceitfulness from man to woman is one of the burdens we females have to bear because of Eve's sins.

They say Susan an' Ed's happy an' thet Ed regularly every night kills the bugs on Susan's plants. Well, it ain't none of my business, p'r'aps, but I can't help feelin' bad for Susan.

PERPLEXED.

LAST night I kissed her in the hall—
My promised wife.
She said, "Now tell me truly this—
Another girl did you e'er kiss
In all your life?"

I gazed down in her pleading face
And told her, "No."
Now, why did she, with pensive sigh
And sad look in her soft blue eye,
Say, "I thought so?"

The game she gave me, you'll admit,
Was pretty stiff,
And as I homeward went my way
And thought on what I'd heard her say,
I wondered if—

THE COMFORTABLE CORNER

Comedy Monologue for a Man.

Translated from the French of M. Armand Sylvestre by Lucy Hayes Macqueen especially for this book.

CHARACTER: The BACHELOR, Speaker, present, who directs all his conversation direct at audience.

I AM a bachelor—*and I am a well-bred, well-behaved man.* I simply say this to let you know that I have no bad habits which prevent me from offering myself a victim at the altar of Hymen—no, none whatever. I have simply found myself sufficient unto myself. Why take another into partnership, when I am capable of running the business myself? I have weighed my own individuality and found myself worthy. I am on very good terms with myself.

Now, a single man who has nobody and nothing tied to his heels cannot do a better thing than travel about and see life. All railroad directors and steamboat officials will tell you the very same thing.

I console myself for the loneliness inherent in a bachelor life by traveling. I pass half of my life in going on journeys, and the other half in returning from journeys, and I shall in all probability do this up to that fatal last journey of all for which I shall buy no return trip ticket, for I shall never return.

I am a fellow who loves his ease, so I always travel as comfortably as possible. I wear a silk cap, you know, the kind that sheds all the dust; a little flask of brandy; a little giblet patty in my portmanteau; a good novel;—but, oh, above all, when I have to pass the night on the train, give me my comfortable corner sleeping compartment!

It is not because I am more comfortable there than I would

be in any of the other compartments which cost the same price, it is not because human nature loves a bargain; it is not because I am cooler in the corner than I would be in the middle of the car surrounded by all the passengers and a load of stuffed horse-hair cushions; no—it is because I am a poet and love to see the belated traveler rush after the train and try to throw himself on to the platform near me, and I like to look out of the window and see the receding landscape as I fly along—you can see better from the corner of the last car than you can anywhere else on the train.

Now, I tell you that I am a poet because you might not take me for one if you should ever meet me in a crowded waiting-room waiting for a train. I tell you this beforehand so that you will not be surprised at my behavior, then, for in spite of my poetic feelings I will jostle you terribly so as to get ahead of you into that righthand corner compartment at the end of the car. I have been known slyly to kick a chair in front of the other passengers for them to fall over, so as to get ahead of them into that corner. It is a very good old trick—that chair trick, but do not employ it upon me, if you see me coming into a car where you may be, for I warn you that I would return the compliment by shoving a sofa or a table in front of you to keep you out of that corner.

Well, in starting for Paris last night I secured my corner as I have done hundreds of times before,—I had employed the chair for my fellow passengers to stumble over—and the air was perfectly blue with bad language as we began our journey. I had just rolled a good cigarette to scare all ladies away from my corner, and had made a perfect barricade of the seats around me with my hat, overcoat, portmanteau, umbrella,—I even took out the contents of my portmanteau and spread them about so as to insure plenty of room.

Thanks to my barricade, every passenger who opened the door and looked toward my corner immediately retreated.

Soon I heard the signal for starting,—I was saved. Dear night! Incomparable for dreams and revery! A full moon! How the trees flew along under the stars!

What then did I hear? A dastardly conductor yelling: "Here, sir; here, madam; there is room here."

My privacy was invaded. A couple were thrust rudely in upon me. The woman was charming—the man, beastly. You'll find it always that way.

I took no notice of them, but allowed them to install themselves in the other side of the compartment. The lady went to the left —the gentleman to the right. He immediately put on his slippers without asking my permission. I did not revenge myself upon him my immediately donning mine, for I believe I have told you that I am a well-bred man. I simply contented myself with pitying the poor creature who had to live with him.

These people were soon very quiet and I decided not to look toward them and to try to imagine that I had the place all to myself.

Oh, charming night, filled with meditation and ecstasy! It seemed a little colder! A mist had passed over the moon.

But there! That villainous conductor was howling again:

"Here, sir; here, madam; there is room enough here, but hurry up."

The door opened and another couple swooped down upon me—the woman, pretty, the man—a cyclops. You'll always find it so.

Then what do you think I did? A frightful battle was fought for an instant between my love of ease and my refined sense of delicacy. Follow me—I beg of you. If I retained my corner, my charming neighbor would be forced to sit opposite me, and her husband would, of course, have to sit beside her to protect her—then, you see she could not lie down at all, but would be obliged to sit up, bolt-upright, all night. If I gave my seat to her husband she would still have to suffer, for I would sit near her and be obliged to watch that beast lie down and sleep placidly on soft cushions, while she and I—no—I gave her my corner. I did so in less time than it has taken to tell. The unbearable man seated himself at my left and never even said: "Thank you."

As shameless as the first man, he proceeded to make a night toilet without even begging my pardon—his wife did not, either,

but she, more's the pity, did *not* make a night toilet in front of me.

I could no longer make believe that I was alone and ignore my neighbors. My night was lost! The moon had gone in behind a cold mist.

Once I carelessly glanced over at my first couple. I beheld the ugly profile of the man's face, sitting beside me, for all the world like a crow's—if I had looked long at it, it would have driven me mad.

Presently I gazed at the first couple. They were fast asleep—the lady like a drooping lily—the man like an ogre.

I resigned myself to my fate and tried to sleep with the serene consciousness that though the men could not appreciate my delicacy and self-immolation—the ladies could and did—and only the fear of exciting the jealousy of their husbands kept them from expressing to me their thanks. I had no doubt that they had mentally compared me with their beastly husbands much to my advantage.

My back felt as if it was broken, but my conscience was peaceful—and it was sweet to suffer for that half of the creation which is so incomparably more beautiful than the other half. Delightful martyrdom. I even pretended to sleep, so as not to disturb the dear creatures.

Then what did I hear? My pretty neighbor, opposite, was awake. She stole gently over to my hateful companion and whispered to him as she designated me with a look. I know it is not polite, but I could not help listening:

"Poor dearie! Why don't you ask that idiot if he is anywhere's near his destination yet, so that you may lie down and stretch your legs?"

* * * * * *

And now, brother bachelors, give me your corners, please. I am going to be married just to have the pleasure of taking those corners from you and hearing my wife call you idiots afterwards.

HOW UNCLE MOSE COUNTS.

Negro Dialect Comedy Monologue for a Man.

Arranged as a monologue expressly for this book by Stanley Schell.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED: UNCLE MOSE, Speaker, present; MRS. BURTON, and other persons supposed to be present.

MAKE-UP: Poor old darkey, a regular chatterer and gossip.

STAGE-SETTING: A street in the South or an exterior scene.

SCENE: Enter UNCLE MOSE with basket of eggs on arm, and carrying a folding chair on the other arm. He shambles along as if it were too much effort to move, occasionally wipes face with big red bandanna handkerchief. As he approaches side of stage where houses are supposed to be he begins to shout.

POINTS: Whenever UNCLE MOSE asks a question, he invariably stops between sentences and eagerly watches the face of the person with whom he speaks.

AIGS, aigs! fraish aigs! from honest ole Mose. Try mah fraish aigs. Aigs, aigs, aigs! Yas'm, fraish laid dis mornin' —yas'm—firty cents a dozen. Dear? Hens cain't 'ford to lay no cheaper dis wedder. [*Moves on.*] Aigs! Aigs! Aigs! fraish laid aigs—ony firty cents dozen.

Good mornin', Miss Burton, good mornin'. Yas, indeed, I has. Jes' receibed tan dozen fraish from de hens dis bery mornin'. Fraish? Yas, I guantees 'em, an'—an'—de hen guantees 'em. Nine dozen? In der basket? Oh, yas, 'M—yas, 'M—All right, M'm.

[*Begins to take eggs from basket which he has placed on the opened folding-chair and puts eggs gently into woman's basket. Counts and talks and, as a result, makes mistakes.*]

One, two, free, foah, five, six, seben, eight, nine, ten—— Oh, yas 'm, you kin 'ly on dem bein' fraish. How's yo' son comin' on in de school? Mus' be mos' grown.

A clark in de bank? Why how ole am de boy? Eighteen? You doan tole me so! Eighteen and gittin' a sal'ry 'ready——

Eighteen [*counts and puts eggs in basket*], nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-free, twenty-foah, twenty-five.

An' how's yo' gal a-comin' on? Mos' growed up de last time I seed her. Married and livin' farder south? Wall, I do declar', how de time scoots away! And you say she hes chilluns? Why, how ole am de gal? She mus' be jes' about—— Firty-free?

Am dat so? [*Begins putting more eggs in basket.*] Firty-free, firty-foah, firty-five, firty-six, firty-seben, firty-eight, firty-nine, forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty-free. Hit am sing'lar dat you hab sech old chilluns. You doan look more'n forty yars ole yersef.

Nonsense? Flatter you? Fifty-free yars ole? Dis ole darkey hain't got no time to flatter. An' fifty-free! I jes dun gwinter bleeve hit; fifty-free [*goes on counting eggs and putting them in basket*], fifty-foah, fifty-five, fifty-six—— I done wan' you to pay 'tenshun when I count de eggs, so dar'll be no mistake. Fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-free, sixty-foah—— Whew! dis am a warm day. [*Mops brow and rests a moment, looking about.*]

Dis am de time ob de year when I feels dat I'se gettin' ole mysef. I hain't long fer dis world. You comes from de bery fustes' family in de south, Miss Burton, an' when yo' fadder died he was sebenty yars ole.

Sebenty-two? Oh, yas 'm—I done fergot. Dat's old, suah. Sebenty-two [*counts*], sebenty-free, sebenty-foah, sebenty-five, sebenty-six, sebenty-seben, sebenty-eight, sebenty-nine—— An' yo' mudder, Miss Burton? She was one of de likeliest lookin' ladies I ebber seed. An you 'minds me ob her so much! She libed to mos' a hundred. I bleeves she was done past a centuren when she died—— Ony ninety-six when she died? Den she died 'fo' I done thought. [*Counts.*]

Ninety-six, ninety-seben, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred,—one, two, free, foah, five, six, seben, eight. Dere, dat's one hundred an' eight nice fraish aigs—jes nine dozen, an' here am one more fraish aig in case I discounted mysef. Good mornin', Mis' Burton.

[*Moves about stage shouting.*]

Aigs, aigs, aigs! No, ma'am, only one dozen left to-day—kin take yer order fer to-morrer. [*Moves on.*] Aigs, aigs, aigs! Why, Mis' Burton, whut yo' call dis nigger? Now, yo' nos I neber stole a t'ing in mah life. You heerd me a countin' ob dem aigs. You recollects I tole you to see I done counts straight, an' frowed in one in case I done discounts wrong. Yer knows I counted straight? Yo' gal? Hab you one ob dem low white trash fer a serbent? You has—den dat 'splains. She stole dem extry aigs, I reckon. You feel sure I done tell de truf? Dat am so, Mis' Burton; I neber cheated no one, an' I wouldn't; I'se an' honest nigger, I is, an' you knows it. Yo' suah now I didn't? It's dat white gal. You'll send her away? Dat am de only way to do. De ideah ob sayin' I didn't count dem aigs straight. T'ank yo', Mis' Burton; de nex' time we'll count dem aigs togeder, so no low down white trash kin put dirt on mah name agin. Good mornin', good mornin'. [*Goes toward exit.*] Aigs, aigs! fraish aigs! De idea, ez ef I didn't know how to count c'rectly. [*Exit.*]

LOVE IN LENT.

LOVE hides behind the door,
'Tis Lent;
His quiver's on the floor,
'Tis Lent;
The maiden bows her head,
The maiden's prayer is said,
The holy book is read,
'Tis Lent.

Love hears a step outside—
'Tis Lent—
Love starts up, eager-eyed—
'Tis Lent!
A man comes in, and lo!
Love blithely draws his bow—
A twang! And oh—and oh,
'Tis Lent!

ABBIE'S ACCOUNTS.

Comedy Monologue for a Woman.

TUDOR JENKS.

CHARACTER: MRS. ABBIE APPLEBY, Speaker, present.
COSTUME: House costume.
SCENE: A sitting-room. ABBIE discovered at desk.

THERE is one comfort about being a married woman—that is, of course, there are more than one—there are a good many; but one especially, I mean. And that is to have a right to some of the luxuries of life. Now, a husband isn't like an elder sister. Of all creatures that tyrannize over their kind, an elder sister is the very worst. A husband is rather—well, rather bossy,—Alfred says "bossy," and it's a real good word,—but then you prefer that from them. Besides, one's husband is a man, you know; and one expects men to be a little masterful. Alfred is, sometimes,—and —I think I like it. It is such a comfort to have some one else to take the responsibility—for things, you know. And that reminds me—Alfred said I should keep accounts, now I'm married. Where has that account-book gone to, anyway? I'm sure I put it here under this pile of invitations to those five-o'clock nuisances—I just hate them! The impudence of that Hanson woman—with her teas! She seems to think tea is a kind of legal tender! I've sent her cards for the last six—where in the world is that account-book? Oh, I remember; I left it in the pocket of my blue serge—or was it my gray cashmere? That old cashmere! I meant to leave it at home, but Ellen packed it in. It's worse than the "Colonel's Opera Cloak." Let me see—it's in the closet upstairs. [*Starts toward door; then returns.*] No, it isn't in the pocket of the cashmere—it hasn't any pocket. I remember now; I put it in the top drawer of my desk—one of them. [*Opens top drawer.*] No. Where can the old thing—heavens, what a lot

of old stamps! I had forgotten those. Those are for that Van Blankenstyne girl. When she got a billion she was going to endow a negro orphan baby in the South. He must be grown up by this time! Let me see; I began to collect those stamps in eighteen hundred and—I don't know when. It must be years and years—long before Susie was married, and her oldest is—I don't know *how* old. Too old for dolls, anyway, because I thought of giving her a doll for Christmas, and then changed to a book. Where is that old book? Probably in the other drawer. [*Opens other drawer and finds it.*] Here you are! How good the Russia leather smells! I like red leather; it's so business-like. [*Spreads book out on desk.*]

Now where's the ink? [*Looks into inkstand, and turns it upside down, making a face when she finds it empty.*] Never mind. A pencil is just as good—and better, if I should make mistakes. I wonder if I remember my multiplication table? Seven times used to be a—horror! Seven times seven are *forty*-nine, and seven times eight are *fifty*. That isn't right. Fifty-two, I guess. Let me see. [*Counts on fingers.*] It's so good to be married. They didn't use to let me count on my fingers at school. Forty-nine, fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two, three, four, five, *six*. Seven times nine are fifty-six. [*Turns to desk again.*] Now, what do you put down first? It's either "debtor" or "creditor" to Alfred. He gave me $35 yesterday morning, all in fives. So am I his creditor or debtor? He *gives* it to me, you see, so I am his debtor for it. Of course. And he's my creditor. All right; here goes! [*Writes for a moment.*] Now that looks real sweet!—"Alfred Appleby, Creditor." And on the other page, "Abbie Appleby, Debtor." But, let me see—where am I to put down what I spend it for? I *know* they use only two pages; I remember hearing papa talk about taking a trial balance, and you can't balance three things—unless you're a juggler. I think I'll tear these two pages out. No, I won't; it's only in pencil; I can rub it out. [*Rubs vigorously, and then blows the pages.*] I don't wonder papa gets tired over his accounts. It must be awful to be a bookkeeper, and get all covered with red ink.

[*Looks around and sees a package.*] Goodness! I forgot that Chinese silk for the curtains. I must look at it before I go on with my accounts. I am tired of figuring, anyway. [*Opens package and spreads out silk.*] How cheap these silks are nowadays! This was only—only forty-five cents a yard, and there's enough to make a dress. I wonder how I'd look in it. [*Drapes it around her.*] There! [*Strikes attitude before mirror.*] I look like a duchess at least. I wonder what duchesses look like, anyway? I wish I could travel and see things. It must be splendid to be rich —real rich, so that you don't care a bit how much you spend, and don't have to keep accounts. Oh, that reminds me—I must go on with my account-book. I promised Alfred that I would have it ready for him this evening when he came home. But he won't care, even if I don't have it ready. Now, that's the difference. If it were papa, why, I just *have* to be ready. What a comfort it is that your husband isn't your father! And how absurd it would be to be your own grandchild—or something like that! [*Goes to desk, and takes up account-book.*]

Why! I thought I had done a—lot! And I rubbed it all out. Never mind; a new broom sweeps clean. Oh, I remember—it was that debtor and creditor thing that stopped me. After all, what difference does it make? Alfred doesn't care. I'll choose one of them and put it down. [*Writes.*] "Abbie Appleby, Debtor." And now, on the other side [*writes*], "Alfred Appleby, Creditor." There! Next I put down what he gave me. He gave me—let me see [*chewing end of pencil*]—it was $35 before I bought the lace for hat trimming; and it cost $2.99 a yard, and I bought 2⅝ yards. My! that's a puzzle! How did we use to do it at school? What a lot papa spent on my school bills, and much good it does me now! Let me see—here is the way Miss Gumption used to do them. [*Imitating.*] "If 2⅝ yards of lace cost $2.99 a yard, and if Alfred gave Abbie $35, how much did Abbie have to start with?" [*Suddenly, as she sees through the problem.*] Humph, that's easy! She had $35, of course! After all, an education is worth something! I suppose that is what men call logic. *I* think guessing's easier.

Well, the answer is $35, and it goes down under [*pause*]—under [*recklessly*]—"Creditor." There! Alfred is my creditor for $35. That is plain. [*Writes it down.*] Next comes the lace. Alfred isn't creditor for that, *I* know. So down it goes. [*Writes; then, after a moment of reflection, she speaks abruptly.*] How ridiculous! "Abbie Appleby, debtor, to lace, $2.99 multiplied by 2⅝"—but I'm *not.* I can't be debtor when I *paid* for it; and the idea of making Alfred creditor for several yards of lace, when he doesn't know anything about lace, is too absurd for any use! I shan't change it, anyway. How much does it make? Two dollars multiplied by two yards is four—four what? It can't be done. You can't multiply yards by dollars, I'm sure. I *remember* that much. Why, Miss Gumption used to tease us dreadfully about that. She used to say, "Two oranges multiplied by four apples makes what?" And then the other girls—the ones she didn't ask—would all laugh. And how that ridiculous Susie Brewer did giggle! That was all she knew—arithmetic, and things like that. She couldn't do a thing *with Virgil*—and she's an old maid now, too.

But I mustn't wander so. I wish I knew more about accounts. Alfred will think I'm a perfect ignoramus. It's his own fault. If he wanted somebody to keep accounts, he ought to have married Susie Brewer; but he couldn't *bear* her—he never could. Said she gave him the creeps just to look at her frizzes. Still, it's a good thing to be systematic; and that reminds me—I wonder what time it is. I didn't bring my watch. [*Rises and searches for it.*] I know I put it somewhere. [*Tries to recollect where.*] Ah, I know! It fell out of my pocket when I was taking off my jacket. It must be on the floor near the bureau. [*Searches there, and finds it. Picks it up.*] I hope it isn't hurt! [*Looks at the cover.*] No; none of the pearls are out. Now, what was it I wanted it for! Oh, yes—to see the time. I'll have to wind it first. I'm glad it's a stem-winder. [*Tries to wind it.*] But it won't move but a click or two. It must be wound. [*Puts it to ear.*] Yes—why [*in a tone of great surprise*], it's going! The sweet little thing. I guess I must have wound it some time or other.

[*Opens watch.*] But it *can't* be so late. [*Shakes watch and puts it to ear again.*] Yes, it's going. I must really hurry, or I shan't have my accounts ready.

Where was I? [*Examines book.*] $2.99 multiplied by 2⅝ is —I never can do it in the world! Why, it's fractions and decimals mixed! [*Sighs. After a moment seizes pencil confidently.*] I wonder I didn't think of that before! Of course $2.99 is practically the same as three dollars, and 2⅝ is nearly three yards; and three times three are nine yards. [*Perplexed; then face clears.*] What a goose! Dollars, of course! nine dollars; and except for car-fares and the caramels, that's really all I spent. Call it ten dollars. [*Writes it down.*] Then $35 less $10 is $25, and that's what is called the *capital.* No, that's not the right word. [*Thinks.*] I think the word bookkeepers use is "deficit," but I don't like it. There is one commences with B, I'm sure. It must be—"bonus"; that's it! [*Writes.*] "To bonus, $25." Now I must see if I have that much cash. [*Laughs.*] Why, how *foolish* of me! That's the very word; I've heard papa say it often and often. [*Scratches out the last entry, and rewrites.*] There, that's better; "To cash, $25."

Where's my pocket-book? Here. Now let's see. [*Counts change; stops suddenly, and examines one piece of money.*] I *knew* she was a hateful—that impudent thing at Brady's! She's given me a fifty-cent piece with a hole in it! What a sly, deceitful thing she must be! And yet they ask people to have sympathy for those wretches! No doubt that brazen creature makes a good living by passing bad fifty-cent pieces on customers! It's certainly a wrong thing to do. And how can I get rid of it? [*Reflects.*] Alfred says they take all kinds of money at liquor stores; I suppose they pass them off on drunken men. I might give it to Alfred. [*Stops and laughs.*] Well, what am I to do? I can't put that down as "debtor" or "creditor," because neither Alfred nor I have anything to do with it. And I'm sure I can't put it down to that girl at Brady's—but I might; I can open a sort of account with her; "Brady's shop girl, debtor, one plugged fifty-cent piece." And then I should have to open an opposite page with "Abbie

Appleby, creditor, fifty cents—out." [*Bell rings.*] Oh, that's Alfred!—I remember I borrowed his latch-key—and I haven't finished my accounts! No matter, I've made a good beginning. And he won't blame his little wife, bless him! He didn't marry me because he thought I was a good bookkeeper. I hear his step; I'll go meet him. The darling! [*Exit.*]

KEEP A-GOIN'.

FRANK L. STANTON.

IF you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin'!
If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a-goin'!
'Tain't no use to sit an' whine
When the fish ain't on your line;
Bait your hook an' keep a-tryin'—
Keep a-goin'!

When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a-goin'!
Though 'tis work to reach the top,
Keep a-goin'!
S'pose you're out o' ev'ry dime,
Gittin' broke ain't any crime;
Tell the world you're feelin' fine—
Keep a-goin'!

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin'!
Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-goin'!
See the wild birds on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,
When you feel like singin' sing—
Keep a-goin'!

THE PIANO-TUNER.

Comedy Monologue for a Man.

Translated and arranged from the French expressly for this book by Lucy Hayes Macqueen.

CHARACTER: The PIANO-TUNER, Speaker, present. Dressed in black without a collar, he sits at piano and speaks while striking chords and running scales at random.

A MAN has been Quixotical enough to steal my wife—a Don Quixote whom ugliness inspires, for my wife is ugly. And in spite of all my domestic unhappiness I have to go—poor, humble workman that I am—faithfully to fulfil my sad task of piano-tuning.

[*Plays piano.*]

Do—mi—sol—do—ri—fa—la—ri—mi—sol—si—mi.

I awaken the sleeping soul of music in the keyboard; give life to the dull, dead white and black ivory. I am full of zeal; I come with the sun to tune my pianos. Oh, the miserable drollery of the thought that I went forth every morning to restore harmony to poor instruments that had been put out of tune by unskilful fingers, and I returned at evening to hear the shrill, discordant voice of my ugly wife fill the air with her complaints. Then, when I was as tired and worn out as a black slave with my hard day's work, I had to give her my hard-earned money with which to bedeck her ugliness.

[*Plays a scale.*]

In the hall where the night's revel has left everything in disorder, restoring ruined flats and sharps to their normal pitch, you see me at work, and only God knows what I feel. Oh, piano, witness of such beautiful gala nights of which nothing remains

for me to see except their following gray, cloudy mornings, I feel that you are one I can confide in. I have never known happiness, wealth, nor beauty.

[*Turns over music on piano and finds something he can play.*]

Ah! Here are some four-hand pieces—lovers can play such music. He, pressing the pedal, covers with a tremolo his passionate whisper, while she under the very eyes of her indulgent parents, answers with little runs and trills, becomes confused, blushes, pales again, trembles, and gives her lover a tender little pressure of the foot to indicate to him that he has made an error in his playing.

Here are some waltzes—beautiful, blonde waltzes flying like swallows here and there, and leaning forward lightly in the arms of their partners! Shall I not banish such entrancing visions?

Oh, compare my lonely lot, my dark nights, with these gay evenings, where beautiful eyes flash brighter than the jewels which sparkle in the light on every side!

[*He stops and thinks.*]

Still, I am happier than that lover of my wife's! He has to look at her ugly face morning and night and pretend to be greatly in love. Only we who are husbands can be sulky and avert our eyes from the faces of our wives. Lovers must be ardent.

[*Turning over the music.*]

Here are accompaniments, opera music, songs, operettas * * *

[*Searching still further among the music.*]

Here are some ends of dead cigarettes.

[*Plays a scale or two.*]

I do not smoke cigarettes. I take my tobacco in the good, old way.

[*Pauses.*]

No! I never cared for any woman except my wife. She was not beautiful, but I chose her for her ugliness, thinking, like

many another reasonable man, that an ugly wife would be faithful. I never even suspected her.

[*Plays minor chords in a depressing manner.*]

I thought, poor fool that I was, that she was too ugly to ever tempt the heart of a lover.

[*Plays another scale.*]

Ah, well, ugliness, it seems, does not frighten love. She left me, one day, heavily veiled, taking away with her, without shame or remorse, my paper collars, my glass watch-chain, my two new razors, my summer shirts—in fact, all of my wardrobe—all! all! all! even my poor old tuning-fork. She sold all our household furniture to defray elopement expenses, and now I am obliged to replace my tuning-fork with my voice when I am at work.

[*He sings a broken, false note.*]

And my voice—how feeble it is now!

[*With a sigh.*]

Ah, I could stand it better if only my wife had been pretty!

[*He begins to work.*]

I am too base at heart! I am ashamed of myself to have any thought or care for that ugly, absent wife of mine!

[*He plays loud and strikes the keys hard.*]

I do not care! I am very angry! The beast! If ever I catch her I will beat her!

[*Bangs harder than ever on the piano.*]

I feel every bad instinct growing strong within me. I have behaved like a lamb long enough—now I am going to rage like a demon.

[*He bangs terribly on the piano.*]

Stop! Stop! Stop!

[*Very coolly.*]

I have broken the piano! I will run away!

MY LOVER WHO LOVED ME LAST SPRING.

Romantic Pathetic Monologue for a Girl.

DOLLIE DENTON.

Written Expressly for this Book.

CHARACTERS: PROSPECTIVE BRIDE, Speaker, present; her friends.

SCENE: Her boudoir. PROSPECTIVE BRIDE in dainty negligee, reclines on couch.

OH! girls, I am charmed to have you;
So sweet of you to come.
You know mama and I were just speaking of you,—
Why, Bess, how absurd; how could you ever be de trop?
Yes, indeed, we are busy
With milliners and modistes. And then,
We sent direct to Paris
To secure the services of Mme. N.,
With whom I practice daily my court bow—Ahem!
[*Laughs and bows.*]
Countess D'Valliere—there,
Isn't that au fait to the Queen ma chere?
Why, certainly, you shall see my trousseau—
Please ring, Bessie dear, for my French maid;
That is one more necessary affliction,
So the Count will not be afraid of my accent,
Which must be Parisian strictly.
Nannette, apportez mes robes,
Oui cest dans cette chambre—allons.

Yes, she's bright enough,
But it takes me so long
To acquire the accent Parisian,
Sometimes I wish I'd never been born.
My gowns are from Worth and Felix and [*looking around as if speaking to maid who enters with gowns*]

Entre, oui, oui—
Mettez sur la chaise—allons.
Papa has given me carte blanche for anything under heaven,
Or the deep blue sea,—
Yes, Inez, quite right,
One does not become a countess
Every day in one's life.

[*Motions to gowns on chair.*]

Bess, that lace is worth a fortune—
Present from ma mere to be;
And those buckles on the cheval dresser
Are from the Duchess D'Louis.
Diamonds of the first water;
Aren't they pretty—see!
Oh! Mother dear, do let me chatter,
For after another short day,
I'll be a titled lady,
And must say "Amen" to "love, honor and obey."
Yes, Bess;
Count D'Valliere is slightly ancient and rather a stern-looking man.
But consider his titles, dearie,
And money, and lands;
Why, his estates are worth millions.
Last season at Newport the way the girls threw themselves at his head,
Was ridiculous; of course to the Count it was simply sport.
Have you seen his horses?
There they go!

Aren't they beauties?
Black as jet;
There has never been a pair in Memphis tc compare with them yet.
The girls are just dying with envy—
What's that? Hush!
Ray, do not talk of that ring!
Do you recognize it, Alida?
It was given me by Reginald Hall,
The talented young artist
Whom we met at the Beach House last Spring—
Yes, it belonged to his mother;
You remember him, dear,
What Ray? He is killing himself drinking—
Such a pity; such a pity—[*sighs heavily*].
Ah, me, did I start?
Well, dearie, he was fascinating,
But poor as a church mouse,
And maybe he did touch my heart [*laughs nervously*].
You're going? Oh! dear, I'm so sorry—
Mother is in the library;
She will lead the way.
May I ask you to excuse me?
How I wish I might beg you to stay,
But my toilet demands my attention;
Count D'Valliere is a critic, you know.
I drive with him at seven,
So—Au revoir.

* * * * * *

Thank God! they've gone and left me—
What a miserable, weak, craven thing—
How I chatter and laugh, day in and day out,
Striving to forget him.
Ah! Reginald, my King!
Your fair face and ambition
Rise before me like a ghost of the past

That flings back with a sneer my false kisses and promises,
That were not made to last.
Ah, me! Did I say they were false
Caresses and promises I gave
When he'd bring, in all life's young beauty,
His heart's true love?
Then I lied—
Nay, they were not false;
To him only have I given the true thing.
Ah! Reginald, how well I remember
When you first spoke of the hope you had;
The rain was dripping, dripping
With a musical sound so sad.
We two had been reading "Lilith"—
Reading all that day.
Suddenly I glanced at him—
How my heart thrilled.
Well, he told me the old sweet story,
Maybe in the same old way.
With his strong arms around me clasped closely,
I can hear him e'en now as he'd say:
"Darling, I love you; I love you."
It may be the same old thing,
But my heart quickens now
And flutters like a bird that has broken its wing.
I have ruined his life—
God forgive me!
Why can I not blot out the past?
Why must I be cursed with a love
That e'en down into eternity will last?
Other women love and forget—
Why, to me, must it be the real thing?
Ah, Heaven! Count D'Valliere's voice!
I must don the masque.
Pity me, oh dear God, pity me,
And pity my lover who loved me last Spring.

TAKING AN ELEVATOR.

Comedy Yankee Dialect Monologue for a Woman.

CHARACTER: Country Woman.

COSTUME: House dress of a countrywoman.

SCENE: Country sitting-room.

[*Enter* COUNTRYWOMAN *and talks direct to audience.*]

I HAD heard considerable about Mr. Stewart's big store in New York, but I wasn't in no way prepared for all I see there. Sakes! it was equal to a dozen villages like Vandusburg a-coming out o' meetin' all to once. Such a crowd I never see. And the women maulin' of the goods without buyin', and the clerks lookin' on sarcastic, just the like you see in any ornery store. Well, I went about better'n an hour, gettin' a couple o' pair o' good domestic hose for my son Jabez, and seven-eighths of a yard of stuff for cheese-bags, and finally, bein' uncommon tired, I felt a weak spell comin' on, and I hadn't hardly strength to ask for chintz for the sittin'-room sofa.

"Next story, ma'am," says the clerk, kind o' lookin' sharp at me. "Wouldn't you like to take a elevator?"

Well, I was beat. It seemed a most uncommon proceedin', and what I never heard no gentleman do before, to ask me to take a elevator. I had my misgivin's what it meant, for our Jabez, with his jokes, and what nots, though father and me is most strong temperince folks, presists sometimes in takin' what he calls elevators, which is glasses o' speerits and water, calkerlated, as he says, to raise droopin' feelin's and failin' strength.

"Sir," says I as lofty as I could, "I prefer not, and, to my mind, you'd do better for a respectable shop not to be offerin' elevators —leastwise not to me."

So I kept walkin' round, not likin' to ask questions showin' my

country ways, and still feelin' that awful feelin' o' goneness which them as has weak spells is subject to, when another clerk, hearin' me ask for chintzes, said something agin about takin' a elevator! By this time I felt dreadful; and so says I, makin' up my mind it was a New York fashion, and it wasn't best to seem too back-country, "Thanks to you, sir, I don't mind tryin' something of the kind, bein' most remarkable thirsty."

"Certainly, ma'am," says he, bowin' careless toward a stand holdin' a fancy pail, full of what I might have took to be water, judgin' by the taste, but I know well enough it was some deceitful genteel kind of liquor with the taste and smell took out of it, as they do to benzine and castor oil. No sooner had I swallowed a goblet of it, than a young man pinted to a little room, which, if you'll believe me, give the queerest kind of jerk you ever see just as I looked in. But seein' comfortable sofas all around the walls, I steps in, and sot down. There was other ladies goin' in, too, and I couldn't help wonderin' whether they had been takin' elevators like me. "It won't do no harm," said I to myself, "to set here a minute or two, till this dizzy spell passes off"—when massy on me! if I didn't feel myself agoin' up! Yes, agoin' up! And with me the room, and sofas, and ladies, and all! I clutched a hold of the cushions, and stared kind o' wild, like as not for one of the ladies bit her lips as if contemplating to laugh. And still we was all a goin' up—leastwise it seemed so to me. "It's all on account o' taking' that elevator," thinks I to myself. And then it came upon me, how uncommon appropriate the word was, meanin' a drink. But I couldn't help feelin' scared, particular when I see, all of a sudden, men and women kind o' walking about in the air. Once I jumped up to go out of the room, but a man, workin' some clock-works in the corner, held out his hand. "In one moment, madam!" said he, a-pushin' me back with such an air.

"Did you take a elevator?" I whispered to the lady settin' along side of me. She nodded her head without sayin' nothing, and, from her queer look, I reckoned she was worse afflicted, even than I was.

"It's the first one I ever took in my life," continued I. "Our country elevators is more positive to take, but they don't have nothin' like this effect, though I must say such things never oughter to be took except in sickness."

"Now, madam," says the clerk, very pompous, "you'll have no difficulty now." Sure enough, I didn't have no difficulty. For a minute, the effect of the elevator passed off suddener than it came. I followed the ladies out lively enough. But, sakes alive! what a time I had findin' the street-door. I never was so bothered in all my life; though I knowed all along what was the matter. But I just kept on, without asking no questions, a-goin', down stairs, and down stairs, and expectin' nothin' else but to find myself in the kitchen, if Mr. Stewart's family lives anywhere in the buildin', which is most likely, there bein' enough room, I should think. How I ever got out of that store, I don't never expect to know. But after I once ketched sight of them glass doors I didn't halt till I stood out on the sidewalk, explainin' private to a police that I had been takin' elevators, and wouldn't he put me into a down-town stage.

To this day I haven't said a word about the business to Jabez, nor husband, nor no one to home. Some things had best be bygones. But I feel it a boundin' duty to warn respectable females, great and small, not to be led into takin' elevators when they go into them York stores. Least of all, this new-fangled kind, which is equally fatal in consequences to pure spirits, but tastes like nothin' on earth but water, which leads you to takin' too much.

I'M LITTLE, BUT I'M SPUNKY.

I'M little, but I'm spunky, too,
I'll tell you all what I can do;
I've got a top that spins; and I
Can make a kite go to the sky.
Bill Smith says he has got one, too;
I don't believe he says what's true,
And I can tell you just the sign—
'Cause Bill—he always borrows mine!

AFTER THE BALL: HER REFLECTIONS.

Comedy Musical Monologue for a Woman.

MEL B. SPURR.

CHARACTER: MISS FLOSSIE FLUFFYTOP, Speaker, present.

TIME: High noon the day after the ball.

SCENE: A boudoir. On a stand are a bottle of salts and several jars of scents. Piano at one side of room.

[*Miss* FLOSSIE *is seated near table wrapped in a shawl and looking somewhat fagged as she gazes at her program.*]

OH, dear, dear! How fatigued I do feel, to be sure. I seem, positively, to ache in every limb. It does seem a shame that one can't have a little innocent amusement overnight without having to suffer so terribly for it next day. I have just had an interview with Dr. Blunt, our family physician, but he really is such an outspoken, unsympathetic old—*brute,* that I feel very little, if any, better for his visit. He asked me if my head ached! I told him that it simply felt as if it would *split!* Then he asked me what else I could expect, after twirling round for several hours like a tee-totum, in a room as hot as an oven. I told him that I was not a tee-totum, and I didn't know anything about ovens. Then he said I was probably suffering from indigestion, and he asked me what I'd had to eat at the ball? Rude, inquisitive people doctors are, to be sure! I told him I couldn't remember. He said I *must.* I said I *couldn't*—it was impossible! He said, *"Was it such a lot?"* I said, No, it was *not* such a lot, but I couldn't possibly remember all I ate at a ball. He insisted, so I told him that, as well as I could recollect, I'd had a little clear soup, and just a picking of cod and oyster sauce, and some joint, and an entrée or two, and some sweets, and a few ices, and perhaps two or three oranges and an apple and some grapes—noth-

NOTE.—"After the Ball: Her Reflections" and "After the Ball: His Reflections" are companion monologues which may be recited at same entertainment, either by one person or by two persons, woman and man, one following the other.

ing at all out of the way, you know—*for a ball!* You should have seen the way he glared at me, as he informed me that such a mixture as that was enough to destroy the digestion of an elephant. Yes, an *elephant*—male or female! The idea of comparing me to an elephant!—*disgusting!* Yes, and then he finished up by recommending me to take a good, smart, two hours' walk in the country. The idea! A morning like this! He knows that the morning air would make my eyes and nose sore and *red,* but what does *he* care about that? Nothing! The old hedgehog!—*I hate him.*

But it was a delightful ball, after all! There was such a lot of nice fellows there, and good dancers—some of them. I danced every dance, of course. I always do. If I don't, I fill in the blanks when I get home. You can always do that, can't you?

[*Looks at program.*] I wonder if I can remember any of my partners? [*Reads.*] "Charlie Honeyford." Ah, I remember Charlie! Oh, he *is* nice! [*If the performer is a pianist, she should here turn round to the piano, and softly accompany the words with suitable music. This, of course, should be kept up to the end of the monologue. Here a waltz should be played.*] And so handsome, too. Such lovely golden hair and moustache, but very little *gold* anywhere else, unfortunately. It *is* a pity, because he's so good-looking. And he dances delightfully.

[*Reads program.*] "Captain Claude Crawler." [*Plays first figure of lancers, softly.*] Yes, that *was* fun! We danced the lancers, and he didn't know the figures. He had to be pulled through. Oh, have you ever had to pull anybody through the lancers? Isn't it awful! You should have seen Captain *Claude* Crawler after he'd been *clawed* through. He was all dank and dripping, as if he'd just come up from under water. [*Giggles.*] It's a shame to laugh at him, but he was *too* absurd. [*Giggles; reads program.*] "Benjamin Briefless." He was a barrister. Well, I'll give him his due. He *could* talk. I never heard a woman talk like him—not even at a mothers' meeting! But he couldn't dance a little bit. His was the hop-skip-jump style of thing. He said "he couldn't slide, he could only hop." And he did hop, too. On to my corns sometimes. We danced the High-

land schottische, and we separated as usual during the first part, you know. And before I knew where he was, he was jigging away at the other end of the room with a creature in green! He said he was short-sighted, and didn't know the difference. I thought he was very rude. It was simply adding insult to injury, wasn't it?

[*Reads program.*] "Maurice Moonshine." [*Plays mazourka.*] He was a poet; a real poet. He had lovely unkempt hair. I don't exactly know what unkempt hair is, but I think it must mean un-*cut,* and then such eyes!—like *gimlets!* Badly-fitting clothes, too; all complete—a perfect poet. He asked me in a sort of "cold-drawn castor oil-" y voice if he "might have the pleasure of a dance with me?" Fearing that he might come to some harm if I didn't give him one, I gave him a mazourka, and at the proper time he came for it. The dictionary says that a mazourka is "a sentimental sort of dance." Mr. Moonshine evidently felt it to be so, for he rolled his eyes up to the ceiling, clasped my hand with feverish eagerness, and sighed so dismally and so often that I really was afraid he was not very well. I said to him, "Are you not well?" He said, "*Well?* I am enraptured!" [*Dismally.*] I said, "Is that the way you look when you are enraptured? You don't look over festive." What do you think he said? "'Tis but a worldly heart that is worn upon the sleeve." I said, "Oh, that's very pretty, indeed! Is that Tennyson or Shakespeare, Mr. Moonshine?" He said, "It is neither. It is Moonshine. *All* Moonshine!" I was very glad when that dance was over. It made me feel quite uncomfortable.

[*Reads program.*] "Harold Horty." Oh, yes! I remember Mr. Horty. He was one of the golden youth of the day. Plenty of money, you know, but very little brain. His conversation was *not* brilliant, by any means, and was restricted, almost entirely, to that highly epigrammatic expression, "*Don't-you-know?*" He came up to me languidly, and said, "I hope you've kept a dance for me, Miss Fluffytop, don't-you-know?" So I gave him a galop. Oh, and it *was* a galop! A *donkey's* galop, as far as *he* was concerned, don't-you-know! [*Plays galop softly.*] We

bumped against everybody, in turn. And every time we bumped he would say, "Shocking lot of dancers they are here, to-night. Aren't they?" And I said, looking full at him, "Yes, *some of them* are." He didn't see it. He went on, "just in the old sweet way." And, if you please, he seemed to think it was all *my* fault. Oh!—I think I never was so mortified in my life. But I had my revenge. Oh, dear, yes! I saw he was getting very tired. (These sort of men are very soon done up.) So I wouldn't let him stop. He said, "I hope I'm not tiring you, Miss Fluffytop, don't-you-know?" I said, "Oh, no! Not at all, thank you!" and on we went, faster than ever. Then he gasped out—"It's getting rather warm, don't you think?" I said, "Not at all!" and on we went again. At last he was obliged to give in. He said [*puffing*], "If you don't mind, we'll stop now, don't-you-know!" Poor fellow! He *was* done up, if you like. He had to have a brandy and soda, "to bring him round again, *don't-you-know!!*"

[*Reads program.*] "Percy Powell." [*sighs*] Ah!—Percy is a perfect darling, "don't-you-know!" He waltzes divinely. [*Plays waltz.*] And he talks so nicely to you, too, while dancing. None of your stupid, inane, vapid conversation like Mr. Horty's! —Oh, dear, no! His is what I call real, intellectual talk. This is the way Percy talks to you while dancing. "Awful lot of people here to-night." [*Looks up and smiles, as if assenting to the remark. N.B.—This business is kept up all through the ensuing remarks of Percy.*] "Very warm!"—"Been to many kick-ups this season?"—"Going to the Thompsons' next week?"—"Ah, so am I. I shall see you there. Thanks awfully for this dance. [*yawns.*] Goo'-ni'." That's the way Percy talks to you. Isn't it nice? That was the last dance I had, and then I had to come away. [*The following parody could be used as a finish.*]

(Air.—"*After the Opera is Over.*")

I'm sorry the dancing is over,
So sorry the dancing is done.
For supping, and flirting, and dancing,
I think is the greatest of fun!

[*Skips about stage and exits.*]

AFTER THE BALL: HIS REFLECTIONS.

Comedy Musical Monologue for a Man.

MEL B. SPURR.

CHARACTER: MR. HAROLD HORTY, Speaker, present, addresses his conversation to audience.

TIME: High noon day after the ball.

SCENE: A den. Table, chairs, etc. On table are brandy and soda.

[MR. HORTY *drains a glass, sets it on table, shakes himself together, yawns, and then exclaims:*]

BY Jove! These balls do knock one over and no mistake. Make one feel kind of knocked-down-and-not-worth-picking-up-again, don't-you-know! My head feels as if I'd been dancing wrong end up, and I've got a red mark round my neck, as if I'd been trying to saw my head off. My man tells me that that is caused by my insisting on going to bed with my collar on. Somehow, do you know, I don't remember going to bed at all! I don't know why I shouldn't, but I don't. I know I feel deuced seedy. I've had a good wash—that pulls a fellow together; I feel as if I wanted starch-and-ironing as well. Awfully jolly ball that was last night. Some tidy little girls there, don't-you-know.

Let me see if I can remember any of my partners. [*Looks at program.*] By Jove! Is this my writing? It looks like forked lightning more than anything else. Must have been worse than I thought. Now let me see [*reads*]. "Kate Jesmond Deane." Ah! A *de*-lightful little creature, with—what-you-may-call-'em—sapphire blue eyes and lovely chestnut hair—sort of *roast*-chest-

NOTE.—"After the Ball: His Reflections" and "After the Ball: Her Reflections" are companion monologues which may be recited at same entertainment, either by one person or by two persons, woman and man, one following the other.

nut hair, don't-you-know! And such a sweet smile. It's a smile that goes very well with mine. You know, some girls seem to be afraid of their partners, don't they? But not Kitty. She nestles up against a fellow's waistcoat like a bee-yu-tious bee in a balmy butter-cup, don't-you-know! [*Reads.*] I notice I danced an awful lot with her.

"Waltz, Miss Jesmond Deane." "Lancers, Kate." (Told me her name was Kate.) "Polka, Kitty." (Getting on!) "Quadrille, darling Kitty." "Waltz, My own Kitty-Witty." Ah! That was after the champagne.

[*Reads.*] "Miss Belinda Bluesox." I remember *her.* A strong-minded party. Tall, thin and jointy—not jaunty, don't-you-know?—*jointy.* Hostess told me she was a Master of Arts, or something terrible. We had a set of quadrilles together. Fancy going through a set of quadrilles in this petrified mummy sort of style. [*Goes through part of first figure of quadrille, with arms folded stiffly.*] Then, when we were setting to partners, I was going to take her by the waist, as usual. Not a bit of it! She put out a skinny hand instead. [*Imitates, turning round, hand held aloft.*] Then her conversation. She asked me if I was fond of literature. I said, "Oh, yes—some. I take the 'Sporting Times' regularly." She said, "What books did I like best?" I said "Those that have pictures in them, don't-you-know?" She said, "Didn't I study any of the arts or sciences?" I said "I did a little in the art of self-defence." I thought she would have to be taken home on a shutter. She was a terror, I tell you.

[*Reads.*] "Flossie Fluffytop." 'M-yes! She was recommended to me as a girl with plenty of "go" in her. By Jove! "*Go!*"—She had that with a vengeance. I have often wondered what was meant by "perpetual motion." I think it must be a galop with Miss Flossie Fluffytop. We went twirling and twisting round like a couple of dervishes! Ah! and talking about twists,—what a *twist* that girl had on her at supper. I'd rather keep her a week than a fortnight, any time.

[*Reads.*] "Maggie MacTaggart." Ou! Aye! A great, raw-boned Heeland—*toe-and-heel*and—lassie, ye ken, don't-you-know.

Hech! The dauchter o' a "braw laird," whatever kind of cattle that may be. We had a real—I *was* going to say *reel*—Highland Schottische together. We did it in the native style—war-whoop and all, complete. [*Dances the Highland schottische, emitting loud, stentorian "hechs" every now and then. Finishes up in an exhausted state, and fans face with handkerchief.*] After about ten minutes of this sort of thing, I was beginning to feel a bit done up, don't-you-know. Miss Maggie MacTaggart looked as if she hadn't turned a hair, so to speak. I gasped out, "It's a fine dance, the Heeland Schottische, ye ken, don't-you-know. *Hech!*" She said, "Aye, it's no that bad! But your dances here are naething but puir creepin' and crawlin'. Ye pay mair attention to yer *parrt*ners than to they dances." "Weel," I said, in my best Jamieson, "and it's a vary guid fault, for a' thot,—*Hech!*" She said, "Maybe aye, maybe no! It's ilka mair a canny gilly gaskin, Skirrach!" I said I *thocht* so mysel', but I couldna' express it sae elegantly. She sniffed again, and said, "Happen we'd better gae at it again." So we "gaed" at it again, and after that I went hame, ye ken, saying, "Hech, hech, hech!" all the way; and, now I come to think of it, I rather fancy it's that that's given me such a head-*hech* this morning, ye ken, don't-you-know!!! *HECH!*

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

Humorous Yankee Dialect Verse Monologue for a Man.

STRANGER here? Yes, come from Varmount,
Rutland county. You'e hern tell
Mebbe of the town of Granville?
You born there? No! sho! Well, well!
You was born at Granville, was you?
Then you know Elisha Brown,
Him as runs the old meat market
At the lower end of town!
Well! Well! Well! Born down in Granville!
And out here, so far away!

Stranger, I'm homesick already,
  Though it's but a week to-day
Since I left my good wife standin'
  Out there at the kitchen door,
Sayin' she'd ask God to keep me;
  And her eyes were runnin' o'er!
You must know ole Albert Withers,
  Henry Bell and Ambrose Cole?
Know them all? And born in Granville!
  Well! Well! Well! Why, bless my soul!
Sho! You're not old Isaac's nephew,—
  Isaac Green, down on the flat!
Isaac's oldest nephew,—Henry?
  Well, I'd never thought of that!
Have I got a hundred dollars
  I could loan you for a minute,
Till you buy a horse at Marcy's?
  There's my wallet! Just that in it!
Hold on, though! You have ten, mebbe,
  You could let me keep; you see
I might chance to need a little
  Betwixt now and half-past three!
Ten. That's it; you'll owe me ninety;
  Bring it round to the hotel.
So you're old friend Isaac's nephew?
  Born in Granville! Sho! Well, well!

* * * * *

What! policeman, did you call me?
  That a rascal going there?
Well, sir; do you know I thought so,
  And I played him pretty fair;
Hundred-dollar bill I gave him—
  Counterfeit—and got this ten!
Ten ahead. No! you don't tell me,
  This bad, too? Sho! Sold again!

AN INTRODUCTION.

Romantic Comedy Monologue for a Woman.

ANNA WARREN STORY.

[*Enter* WIDOW *laughing heartily.*]

HA! ha! ha! ha! Oh! I beg a thousand pardons—ha! ha! ha! ha! I cannot help it. I must laugh or I shall die—ha! ha! ha! ha! Now, imagine! I am a widow! Oh, no! that's not the reason I laugh. No, no; it is much more droll than that.

One of my good lady friends wishes me to marry again, and to bring this about has selected a number of gentlemen whom she thinks suitable for a future husband for me; and she arranged a meeting this evening for one of these gentlemen and me—ha! ha! ha! ha!

It was at the opera. "Faust!" "Faust!"—poetical and preparatory.

I arrived with my friend before my "Future" should come, in order to judge of his entrance.

The door opens. He enters. Ha! ha! ha! ha! I laugh. It is not my fault. It was so funny.

Picture this to yourself. The evening was very cold, and the air had given to this (ha! ha! ha! ha!) "Chosen One" among the eligibles a severe cold. He had wound a scarf several times around his head and had forgotten to take it off—ha! ha! ha! ha! He looked as if he were a fortification in cashmere; and his small tip of a red nose seemed like a lighthouse.

We are introduced to each other.

"Madame" [*imitating the salutation of the gentleman*].

"Monsieur" [*making a courtesy*].

"Madame" [*same as before*].

"Monsieur" [*same as before*].

Then came a long silence—oh, a long silence. I say to myself, "He is looking at me; he is fascinated."

"Beautiful hall," he says to me.

"Very beautiful."

"Beautiful music."

"Oh! ah! Perfectly lovely."

"Fine execution."

"Yes, yes."

In fact, everything was beautiful, except himself.

The act being finished, he went out to search for the compliments he had not paid me, and in leaving the box he dropped his glasses; for, besides having a cold, he was near-sighted. I said nothing, but pushed the poor man's glasses under the chair. He did not return to look for them, not daring to let me know that he could not see well.

"Well, my dear," said my friend, "how do you like him?"

"Really, up to the present moment I only find he has a severe cold."

"But, that will not last. Wait—we shall see him again."

In speaking we had made a little turn in the box. The orchestra began the overture to the second act. We seated ourselves, and, without thinking, my friend took my place and I took hers.

The door re-opened (ha! ha! ha! ha!) Monsieur re-entered, and,seating himself behind me and leaning toward my ears he said:

"Thanks, my dear friend, thanks. She is frightful. She is too dark. She is too large. I will have none of her. Thank you (ha! ha! ha! ha!). Besides, she is stupid; indeed, she is. She has found nothing to say to me, and I have taken up every sort of subject. Find me another, but not this lady."

Ha! ha! ha! ha! He had not recognized me. We were both dressed in black; he had mistaken me for my friend, and had given me my panegyric (ha! ha! ha! ha!). A burst of laughter made him comprehend his mistake, my voice serving him as a glass.

"Oh! Madame! Many excuses! Many pardons—many —many——"

The emotion gave him extra cold and he began to sneeze and sneeze and sneeze, and I—I laughed and laughed and laughed to such an extent that I finally escaped that I might come and laugh with you, for I am sure he will go on sneezing forever.

I shall remain a widow.

WHEN PAPA'S SICK.

Comedy Verse Recital for a Boy.

JOE LINCOLN.

WHEN papa's sick, my goodness sakes!
Such awful, awful times it makes.
He speaks in, oh! such lonesome tones,
And gives such ghastly kind of groans,
And rolls his eyes and holds his head,
And makes ma help him up to bed,
While Sis and Bridget run to heat
Hot-water bags to warm his feet,
And I must get the doctor, quick,—
We have to jump when papa's sick.

When papa's sick, ma has to stand
Right 'side the bed and hold his hand,
While Sis, she has to fan an' fan,
For he says he's "a dyin' man,"
And wants the children round him to
Be there when "sufferin' pa gets through;"
He says he wants to say good-bye
And kiss us all, and then he'll die;
Then moans and says his "breathin's thick,"—
It's awful sad when papa's sick.

When papa's sick he acts that way
Until he hears the doctor say,
"You've only got a cold, you know;
You'll be all right 'n a day or so;"
And then—well, say—you ought to see—
He's different as he can be,
And growls and swears from noon to night
Just 'cause his dinner ain't cooked right;
And all he does is fuss and kick,—
We're all used up when papa's sick.

WHEN PA GETS SICK.

Comedy Verse Recital for a Boy.

WHEN pa gets sick he always knows
He's go'n ter die, an' Tommy goes
For Doctor Quack, an' 'fore he 'rives
I'm hurried off for Doctor Ives,
An' ma an' Bess an' auntie, too,
For liniments an' gruels go,
An' plasters an' the warmin' brick
An' everything,—when pa gets sick.

No one of us is 'lowed to play,
The baby's sent across the way,
The 'pothecary's boy's about,
The hull time runnin' in an' out.
The house so with his groans is filled,
Folks stop to ask who's gettin' killed,
An' misery is piled on thick
For everyone,—when pa gets sick.

We never have no table set;
Cold vittles is the best we get,
For cook is busy to the brim
Contrivin' dainty things for him;
An' studyin' it in my mind
I'm good deal more'n half inclined
To think—although I dassent kick—
We suffer most when pa gets sick.

IF I CAN BE BY HER.

Romantic Stammering Dialect Verse Monologue.

BEN KING.

I D-D-DON'T c-c-c-are how the r-r-r-obin sings,
Er how the r-r-r-ooster f-f-flaps his wings,
Er whether 't sh-sh-shines, er whether 't pours,
Er how high up the eagle s-s-soars,
If I can b-b-b-be by her.

I don't care if the p-p-p-people s-say
'At I'm weak-minded every-w-way,
An' n-n-never had no cuh-common sense,
I'd c-c-c-cuh-climb the highest p-picket fence
If I could b-b-b-be by her.

If I can be by h-h-her, I'll s-s-swim
The r-r-r-est of life thro' th-th-thick an' thin;
I'll throw my overcoat away,
An' s-s-s-stand out on the c-c-c-oldest day,
If I can b-b-b-be by her.

You s-s-see sh-sh-she weighs an awful pile,
B-b-b-but I d-d-d-don't care—sh-she's just my style,
An' any f-f-fool could p-p-p-lainly see
She'd look well b-b-b-by the side of me,
If I could b-b-b-be by her.

I b-b-b-braced right up, and had the s-s-s-and
To ask 'er f-f-f-father f-f-fer 'er hand;
He said: "Wh-wh-what p-p-prospects have you got?"
I said: "I gu-gu-guess I've got a lot,
If I can b-b-b-be by her."

AT THE BOX-OFFICE.

Comedy Monologue for a Young Lady.

ELSIE LIVERMORE.

CHARACTERS: ALICE, Speaker, present; MARGARET, an acquaintance, several men all supposed to be present.

SCENE: ALICE is standing in line looking in at window; turning suddenly, she discovers an acquaintance near stage front R.

HELLO, Margaret! Yes, dear, I have been standing in line the longest time, perfect ages. I'm just about dead. Such a string of stupid men have been ahead of me, and they have all been so long making up their minds. I should think they would decide what they wanted before they came, wouldn't you? I always do.

Are you after tickets, too? That's nice. I love company. Now, dear, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you stand right here behind me and then you won't have to go away down the line.

[*To a man in the rear:*] What, sir? Well, I'll have you understand, sir, this lady is a friend of mine, and I have a perfect right to allow her to stand beside me if I wish! The idea, Margaret; that man objects to your standing here!

It's awful waiting, isn't it? I wouldn't do it for anyone but Hackett, but I simply adore him. What do you think of my new hat, dear? Rather "swell," I think. I bought it at "Maguirett's." Her prices are something atrocious. Why, my dear, will you believe me, she wanted twenty-five dollars for an ordinary walking-hat with nothing on it but a rosette? Of course, it had style, but when I pay that amount for style I want it to consist of something more than a bow of ribbon.

Did you go to the whist yesterday? What did Maude wear? The one trimmed with pink? Mercy, she's worn that since the year One. Have anything good to eat? Is that all? Well, thank goodness! I didn't go. You always get lobster salad at whists, just as you get chops and green peas at luncheons.

Awfully uninteresting set of people here this morning, especially the men. Just look at this man ahead of me. I hate that type of person, don't you? So insignificant! Think he must be buying up the whole house, he's certainly been there long enough. Anyway, I come next. There, he's through at last.

[*To the ticket seller:*] Two seats, please. Oh, Saturday, yes, matinee. Best seats, I always buy the best seats. Are those the best seats you can give me? Isn't there anything nearer? I couldn't possibly think of sitting back of D., and I must insist on aisle seats. (You know, Margaret, Jennie and I always draw to see which one shall buy the caramels and have the aisle seats.) How much are these? Two dollars apiece? I call that robbery. Why, I have sat there any number of times and never paid more than a dollar. Let me see something cheaper, please.

Dollar and a half? Way back there? That's funny! You can get lovely seats at the Bijou for that price,—front row, I believe. I never would pay a dollar and a half to sit there. Where are the dollar seats? Oh, balcony. Oh, Jennie wouldn't like those. She couldn't see a thing. She's a trifle near-sighted, although she doesn't like to admit it. Will Ellen Terry play Saturday afternoon? Isn't she in the company? Oh, no, of course not. I recollect now. She plays with Faversham, doesn't she? I always get so mixed.

Anyway, I know I've seen Hackett. I don't remember much about the play, but he was too dear for anything. It was "Henry VIII." or "Sherlock Holmes" or something like that, and he wore purple tights and looked stunning. [*To the man behind:*] What, sir? No, I haven't decided yet what I want. I've been standing in line one solid hour, and I don't intend to rush now for anyone. (Men are so rude!)

What can you give me for fifty cents? Second balcony? That's what they call "nigger heaven," isn't it? I never sat there myself, but I know real nice people who do go there. Carrie White goes there a lot, and she's an awfully swell girl. By the way, Margaret, have you seen that new coat Carrie's wearing? My dear, it's a dream!—gray broadcloth made with the new style sleeves

and trimmed with—— Oh, yes, beg pardon, I forgot about the seats. Yes, I will decide at once. What? Yes, I know there are others waiting, but I've been waiting myself and I didn't complain. [*To the man in the rear:*] I think it very impolite of you men to talk so.

There aren't any seats cheaper than fifty cents, are there? Well, I thought I'd inquire. I've known places where you could get the best seats for thirty cents. No, it wasn't this theatre. Now, what would advise, Margaret? To-day is Thursday, and Sat—— There, what am I thinking about? I can't go Saturday, of course not. That's the very day Maude and I planned to cut out shirt-waists. Isn't that mean? Well, I'll have to give up the matinee, that's all there is about it.

Why, I never saw such rude men in my life. I think it very strange if a lady can't buy theatre tickets without being insulted. I'll never patronize this theatre again. I'll go where I will be treated civilly and where I can buy a decent seat without paying all creation.

Margaret, don't you buy tickets, either. Come, dear, let's go down to Huyler's and have a soda.

WHEN THE MINISTER CAME TO TEA.

JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

MANY a solemn conference
  Went on in high-backed seat,
And long we pondered, in grave suspense,
  What the minister 'd like to eat.
And never a royal pilgrimage
  So fluttered a realm in fee;
For the hurrying footsteps came and went,
And the heart beat thick for the great event,
  When the minister came to tea.

Oh, the pewter was polished brave and bright,
  And the silver shone like glass,

With never a spot or a speck in sight
  Where the clerical eye might pass;
For mother was up in the early dawn,
  And calling to Ann and me,
And the floor was sanded in scrolls and waves,
And we learned how a good little girl behaves
  When the minister comes to tea!

Then the cream plop-plop'd in the waiting churn,
  And our arms grew tired and lame
As we patiently did our share in turn
  Till the clerical butter came.
But our thoughts kept pace with the dasher's stride,
  Telling with secret glee
To all unhonored by such a guest,
How the minister talked and ate and dressed
  When he came to OUR HOUSE to tea.

Oh, the things we piled on the willow plates,
  And the things we sniffed with pride!
And the solemn visitor in our gates—
  Did he chuckle a bit inside?
Under his grave, abstracted air,
  And the texts that he turned on me,
And his sighing comments on worldly dross,
And his somber dealing with damson sauce—
  Did the minister like his tea?

Was he a human, after all,
  This great grandee of souls?
Well, Heaven be praised that he did not fall
  At the lure of our cakes and rolls.
For never was glorious pride like ours
  (And never again shall be)
When the warming-pan rubbed the icy sheet
For the sake of four little tired feet,
  And the minister'd been to tea!

THE MINISTER COMES TO TEA.

Comedy Verse Monologue for a Boy.

OH! they've swept the parlor carpet, and they've dusted every chair,
And they've got the tidies hangin' jest exactly on the square;
And the whatnot's fixed up lovely, and the mats have all been beat,
And the pantry's brimmin' over with the bully things ter eat.
Sis has got her Sunday dress on, and she's frizzin up her bangs,
Ma's got her best alpacky and she's askin' how it hangs.
Pa has shaved as slick as can be, and I'm rigged way up in G,
And it's all because we're goin' ter have the minister ter tea.

Oh! the table's fixed up gaudy with the gilt-edged chiny set,
And we'll use the silver tea-pot and the comp'ny spoons, you bet;
And we're going to have some fruit-cake and some thimbleberry jam,
And "riz biscuits" and some doughnuts, and some chicken and some ham.
Ma, she'll 'polergize like fury and say everything is bad,
And "sich awful luck with cookin' she is sure she never had,"
But of course she's only bluffin', for it's as prime as prime can be,
And she's only talkin' that way 'cause the minister's ter tea.

Everybody is a smilin' and as good as ever wuz,
Pa won't growl about the vittles, like he generally does,
And he'll ask me would I like another piece of pie; but sho!
That, er course, is only manners an' I'm s'posed ter answer "No!"
Sis'll talk about the church work and about the Sunday-school,
Ma'll tell how she liked that sermon that was on the Golden Rule,
And if I upset my tumbler they won't say a word to me—
Yes, a boy can eat in comfort with the minister ter tea!

Say! a minister, you'd reckon, never'd say what wasn't true;
But that isn't so with ours, and I jest can prove it, too;
'Cause when sis plays the organ so it makes yer want ter die,

Why, he sits and says it's lovely, and that seems to me a lie.
But I like him all the samey, and I only wish he'd stay
At our house for good and always and eat with us every day;
Only think of havin' goodies every evenin'! Jiminee!
And I'd never get a scoldin' with the minister ter tea!

MEAN LITTLE TORMENT.

MY name's Jack. I'm eight years old. I've a sister Arathusa, and she calls me a little torment. I'll tell you why. You know Arathusa has got a beau, and he comes to see her every night, and they turn the gas 'way, 'way down 'till you can't hardly see. I like to stay in the room with the gas on full blaze, but Arathusa skites me out of the room every night. I checked her once, you better believe. You know she went to the door to let Alphonso in, and I crawled under the sofa. Then they came in, and it got awful dark, and they sat down on the sofa, and I couldn't hear nothing but smack! smack! smack! Then I reached out and jerked Arathusa's foot. Then she jumped and said, "Oh, mercy, what's that?" and Alphonso said she was a "timid little creature." "Oh, Alphonso, I'm happy by your side, but when I think of your going away it almost breaks my heart." Then I snickered right out, I couldn't help it, and Arathusa got up, went and peeked through the key-hole and said, "I do believe that's Jack—mean little torment—he's always where he isn't wanted." Do you know, this made me mad, and I crawled out from under the sofa and stood up before her and said, "You think you are smart because you wear a Grecian bend. I guess I know what you've been doing; you've been sitting on Alphonso's lap, and letting him kiss you like you let Bill Jones kiss you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. If it hadn't been for that old false front of yours, pa would have let me have a bicycle like Tom Clifford's. You needn't be grinding them false teeth of yours at me; I ain't a-goin' out of here. I ain't so green as I look. I guess I know a thing or two. I don't care if you are 28 years old, you ain't no boss of me!"

"STUDYING GERMAN."

Comedy Monologue for a Girl.

SARAH E. PITTMAN.

Written Expressly for this Book.

SCENE: Enter GIRL with book in hand; begins studying as she enters.

"ICH—haba—gahabt—
Du es"—no, no—
"Du hast gahabt—
Er—se"—Oh, shoo fly,—I never can learn such gibberish!

"Ich haba—Ich—Ich"—Christopher Columbus, how it does twist my tongue, but I *must* learn it—of course I *must* learn it—if it puts every muscle in my face out of joint. "Du hast gahabt." Jehosaphat, I believe I've got the lockjaw now. "Ich haba, Ich haba, Ich haba"—when I learn to speak this *beloved* language fluently, I am going to Europe, to visit Germany, to sit beside the Emperor like Consuela did, and to charm him with my "Ich haba gahabt." I shall be able by that time to pronounce it *very* much better than I do now. Dear me, I am beginning to think that I am getting on very slowly—quite discouraged at times—looks as if there was no Dutch in me.

"Du hast gahabt—Du has—Du"—Oh, the poor old Professor, how he does scowl and how earnestly he will say, "Oh, my dear mees, you nefar study much, I fears you should apply your mind—you me so fery much worried"—Worried! worried?—I'd like to know what about me? you old goose—"Ich haba gahabt," not much, old fellow, I no love you—but I really do believe—to give him his dues—he does try his level best to bang the stuff into my head. Ha! ha! ha! He fairly shivers with a chill at my blunders—ha! ha! ha!—I really believe that I will be the microbe that will develop nervous prostration in his anatomy—ha! ha!

ha! ha! It is too absolutely funny to see him start and stretch out that long bony hand, with his waving head keeping time with his spreading "diggits"—and an awful agonizing look on his face as he listens to my—"Ich haba gahabt, gahabt, gahabt—Du, Du—es es gahabt, gahabt—Du hast gahabt—Ha! ha! It's enough to make a monkey laugh. He is ready to expire with disgust, but he don't. He simply gulps down his wrath, pockets his profane ammunition, and will say quite amiably, with a prophetic shake of his head: "Oh, vell, vell, you vill some time learn."

But this isn't trying to learn some time—"Ich haba gahabt—Du hast gahabt"—yes, I think everybody has loved some time in their lives—now I do wonder if that old Prof. ever felt the sting of Cupid's dart—ha! ha!—"Ich, Ich"—ha! ha!—I've just thought of a bright idea—a startling announcement. I'll just marry the old Prof. and that will end all further bother and worriment, for he can furnish Dutch enough for the family—I'll have to do all the courting—"Ich haba"—he wouldn't know how, ha! ha! ha! wouldn't he think that a whole Fourth of July had exploded at his feet, if I was to say—well—I hardly know just how I should pop the question. I would have to wait for the occasion to give me the inspiration.

But I must get my lesson without any more shilly-shallying—"Ich, Ich"—oh, this old grammar is the plague of my life. I think I'll give up modern classics, but what could I do with Greek? No, I must stick to this:

"Ich haba gahabt—
Du hast gahabt—
Er—es—ha ga——"

Oh, con—script the in———ternal revenue stamps—there, go into that corner and stay there until called for with your "Ich haba gahabt, etc., etc." I like the plain English to tell the old story:

"I love	I have loved
Thou lovest	Thou hast loved
He loves	He hast loved."

"BILL THAY."

Comedy Lisping Dialect Monologue for a Boy.

MARY TUCKER MAGILL.

CHARACTERS: MASTER BROWN, Speaker, present, who addresses his conversation to audience; BILL SMITH, supposed to enter towards end of monologue.

[*Enter* MASTER BROWN *slowly and awkwardly, looks at audience as if listening to a question, smiles, nods, hunches himself, and speaks.*]

YETH, me an' him 'th right intimate. He knoweth more than I do, 'cauth he'th had more exthperienth. Bill thay hith father wath a robber.

Bill thay that he'th got ten millionth of dollarth of gold buried down in hith thellar along with a lot of human boneth, people he'th killed. An' Bill thay that hith father makth all the earthquakth that happen anywhere in the world, an' when the old man comth home thometimes, he feelth tho thorry for him, 'cauth he'th all tired to death makin' earthquakth. It thtandth to reathon it'th hard work tearin' up the earth that way. An' Bill thay that hith father juth taketh bith out of people if he don't like 'em, an a lightnin'-rod man come along one day, an' Bill thay hith father juth ate him right up, 'cauth he got mad at him.

An' Bill thay one day he wath a'flyin' of a kite, an' he had one of theth little dogth that juth run along, an' Bill thay he tied the kite to the dogth tail juth for fun, an' prethently the wind thruck her an' the went boomin' down the thtreet about a mile with her hind legth in the air. Prethently the kite commenthed going up. Thoon the dogth was fifteen milth high, an' could thee California an' Egypt, an' Oshkosh, I think Bill thed, or it thound like that, but I don't like to thay for thertain. Anyhow, I know he come down in Brathil, an' he thwam all the way home in the Atlantic

ocean, an' when he got there all hith legth wath et off by the tharkth. I with my father would give me a dogth tho I could thend it off that way, but he never givth me nothin'. I never have no fun like Bill doth; he'th too thtrick.

Bill thay another time he wath a-flyin' of hith kite, an' he went up on top of the houth to give himthelf plenty of room, an' thet up on the chimley, an' the old man had put a keg of powder down below there to blow the thut out of the chimley, an' he thet her off juth then, an' Bill wath blowed over againtht the Baptith church thteeple, an' he hung on there for four dayth before they could get him off. He juth lived by eatin' the crowth that come an' thet on him, 'cauth they thought he wath made out of theet-iron and put there for purputh.

Bill thay that hith brother invented a thothage thtuffer onth. It wath a kind of a mathine what worked with a treadle. You put the mathine on the hog'th back an' the hog'th foot on the treadle, an' you thuck him with a pin an' that made the hogth move the treadle, you know, an' in a minute the hogth wath cut up in fine pieces in the treddle an' thtuffed an' thkinned, an' Bill thay hith brother called every hogth hith own thtuffer. That muth o' bin a right curiouth kind of a mathine to work. I can't juth thee how he did it, but I know ith tho, 'cauth Bill'th a good boy, he ith, an' never tellth no thtorieth. He goeth to Thunday thkool, he doeth.

He'th a good boy, he ith, an' he told me about hith uncle what lived out in Authtralia, what wath et by a big oythter; an' he thtayed there till he et the oythter. Then he thplit the thellth open, took one of 'em for a boat, an' he thailed along, an' he thailed along, till he come to a thea-therpent, an' juth caught it an' thripped ith thkin all off of it, an' thold it to an engine company to put out fireth with. He thold it for forty thouthand dollarth.

An' Bill thay the Injunth took him wunth an' they cut hith thcalp off, an' thtuck him half a dothen timeth through the body, an' never hurt him a bit. He juth made hith ethcape by the daughter of the chief takin' him out of the wigwam an' givin'

him a horth to ride. Bill thay—Bill thay—he! he!—that the wath in love with him. He thay he could thow me the holth in hith body now, but he'th afraid to take hith cloth off, fear he'd bleed to death. Nobody don't know about it. Wouldn't tell the old man 'cauth he'th 'fraid he'd worry about it.

Bill thay he ain't goin' to Thunday thkool no more; thay he'th goin' to turn a heathen, 'cauth hith father'th got a brath idol at home. He'th goin' to wear a blanket an' carry a tomahawk ath thoon ath the weather geth warm.

Bill thay hith father dug a big hole under thith thity, an' got it all filled up with dynamite an' powder an' thingth, an' he'th goin' to blow her up when he geth ready. An' Bill thay he goin' to tell me, tho I can get away. Bill liketh me, he do. An' Bill thay—but thar'th Bill now; do you hear him whithlin'? I ecthpec' he got thomethin' more to tell me. I muth go. Good-bye.

WELCOME.

A Child's Speech.

IT scares me, my friends, to speak to you to-night. My heart goes pitty pat. I want to speak my piece and can scarce think what to say. Mine is a speech of welcome. I am to say welcome to you all, right welcome to our hall, our hearts, and to hear what we have to say. Some of the larger boys who are studying arithmetic and geography and grammar will make believe they are orators, or generals or kings, but I don't; you all know me and it's no use for me to pretend to be what I am not; besides, I can welcome you just as well, just as I am, and now I say, you are just as welcome as you can be. We are real glad you are here. We wondered if you would come, we wanted you to come, we are glad you have come, we thank you for your coming. Now you know you are welcome.

THE LONG AGO.

Comedy Monologue for a Man.

Translated and arranged from the French expressly for this book by Lucy Hayes Macqueen.

CHARACTER: A MAN, the Speaker.

ONCE upon a time, long ago—but long ago is not a strong enough expression. It was a long, long, long, long time ago.

Well, once upon a time, long ago—one day—no, there was neither day nor night then—so one time—what else can I say?—there came into someone's head—no, there were no heads then—anyhow, an idea came—that is a good expression—an idea came to someone *to do something.*

He wanted to drink—but what was there to drink? There were no wines nor beers, then; no sauterne, champagne, vermouth, absinthe, cocktail, brandy, white wine, red wine, cider, water, ginger ale,—nor anything to drink. You see, times have improved since then, very much.

Well, not being able to drink, he decided to eat, but to eat what? There was no turtle soup then, no turbot with caper sauce, no roast-beef, no beef à la mode, no sauerkraut, no potatoes, no pears, no cheese—no indigestion, no blues, nothing of that kind. You see how times have improved since then.

[*Gayly.*] So, not being able to eat nor drink, he decided to sing—but to sing what? [*Sadly.*] There were no drinking songs, no love ditties with "flower" and "our," and "love" and "dove" rhyming sweetly in them; there was no flute nor guitar nor mandolin, then; not even a piano upon which the inn-keeper's daughter could play an accompaniment while he sang. What progress the world has made since then!

So, as he could not sing, he wanted to dance, but where? There were no balls, then, nor little home dancing parties where an

ogre of a father and an eagle-eyed mother keep their eyes on you all the time; there was no chocolate to spill over your clothing—nothing of that kind whatever; and no pretty young ladies to be your partners—so what was the use of dancing?

Then, since he could not eat, drink, sing nor dance, he could only sleep. So he decided to go to bed. But there was no night, no bed, no pretty wadded silk coverlets, no warm-water bath, no night-lamp on the table and French novel—well, you see, we have made *some* progress since then.

Then, he decided to fall in love. He said to himself, I shall be very affectionate; I shall sigh; it will be a distraction; I shall even be jealous, and beat my—my what? Beat whom? What? Be jealous of whom? Whom shall I love—sigh for? For a brunette? There are no brunettes. For a blonde? There are no blondes. There are no black locks, nor gold locks, nor red locks—not even a false wig—for there are no ladies at all, anywhere. Women had not been invented then. Oh, what progress we have made since then!

Then, I shall die, he said. [*Resignedly.*] I want to die—but how? There were no Brooklyn bridges to jump off, then—no ropes to hang one's self with, no revolvers, no fatal diseases, no drugs, no apothecaries and—no doctors!

Then, he wanted to do nothing. [*Plaintively.*] What more unhappy position could one be in! [*Joyfully.*] But no—do not pity him—there were no unhappy positions then—no unhappiness. Happiness and unhappiness are modern, you know—people were neither happy nor unhappy long ago.

So ends—but no—there was no end, then; endings had not been invented. To end is an invention of our times—it is a part of our progress. Oh, progress, progress! [*He walks stupidly off stage.*]

WHEN PA WAS A BOY.

Comedy Child Dialect Monologue.

S. E. KISER.

I WISH 'at I'd of been here when
My paw he was a boy;
They must of been excitement then—
When my paw was a boy.
In school he always took the prize,
He used to lick boys twice his size—
I bet folks all had bulgin' eyes
When my paw was a boy!

There was a lot of wonders done
When my paw was a boy;
How grandpa must have loved his son,
When my paw was a boy!
He'd git the coal and chop the wood,
And think up every way he could
To always just be sweet and good—
When my paw was a boy!

Then everything was in its place,
When my paw was a boy;
How he could rassle, jump and race,
When my paw was a boy!
He never, never disobeyed;
He beat in every game he played—
Gee! What a record they was made!
When my paw was a boy!

I wish 'at I'd of been here when
My paw he was a boy;

They'll never be his like agen—
  Paw was the moddle boy,
But still last night I heard my maw
Raise up her voice and call my paw
The biggest goose she ever saw—
  He ought of stayed a boy.

POSTPONED.

Pathetic Monologue in Verse for a Man.

CHARLES E. BAER.

[Anyone familiar with farm life knows that when the old dog becomes blind, toothless, and helpless it is the sad but humane duty of the farmer to put an end to his sufferings; it is generally done by taking him off to the woods and shooting him. Although the new dog quickly wins his place in our affections, the old is not soon forgotten.]

CHARACTER: FARMER, Speaker; DOG, supposed to be present.

COSTUME: Farmer clothes and carrying a gun.

SCENE: Enter FARMER at Stage L., upper entrance.

COME along, old chap, yer time's 'bout up,
  We got another brindle pup;
I 'lows it's tough an' mighty hard,
But a toothless dog's no good on guard;
So trot along right after me,
An' I'll put yeh out o' yer misery.

Now, quit yer waggin' that stumpy tail—
We ain't a-goin' fer rabbit er quail;
'Sides, yeh couldn't pint a bird no more,
Yer old an' blind an' stiff an' sore,
An' that's why I loaded the gun to-day—
Yer a-gittin' cross an' in the way.

I been thinkin' it over; 'tain't no fun.
I don't like to do it, but it's got to be done;
Got sort of a notion, yeh know, too,

The kind of a job we're goin' to do,
Else, why would yeh hang back that a-way,
Yeh ain't ez young ez yeh once wuz, hey!

Frisky dog in them days, I note,
When yeh nailed the sneak thief by the throat,
Can't do that now, an' there ain't no need
A-keepin' a dog that don't earn his feed.
So yeh got to make way for the brindle pup;
Come along, old chap, yer time's 'bout up.

We'll travel along at an easy jog—
Course, yeh don't know, bein' only a dog;
But I can mind when yeh wuz sprier,
Wakin' us up when the barn caught fire—
It don't seem possible, yet I know
That was close onto fifteen year ago.

My, but yer hair wuz long an' thick
When yeh pulled little Salley out o' the crick;
An' it came in handy that night in the storm,
We coddled to keep each other warm.
Purty good dog, I'll admit—but, say,
What's the use o' talkin', yeh had yer day.

I'm hopin' the children won't hear the crack,
Er what I'll say when I git back?
They'd be askin' questions, I know their talk,
An' I'd have to lie 'bout a chicken hawk;
But the sound won't carry beyond this hill,
All done in a minute—don't bark, stand still.

There, that'll do; steady, quit lickin' my hand.
What's wrong with this gun, I can't understand;
I'm jest ez shaky ez I can be—
Must be the agey's the matter with me.
An' that stich in the back—what! gittin' old, too—
The—dinner—bell's—ringin'—fer—me—an' you.

PLEASURE EXERTION.

Comedy Yankee Dialect Character Sketch Recital for a Woman.

MARIETTA HOLLEY.

CHARACTER: JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE, Speaker, present, who directs her conversation to audience.

ALL summer long Josiah Allen had beset me to go to a pleasure exertion with him, and I have had to work head-work to make excuses and quell him down. But last week they was goin' to have one out on the lake, on a island, and that man sot his foot down that go he would.

We was to the breakfast-table a talkin' it over, and says I:

"I shan't go, for I am afraid of big water, anyway."

Says Josiah: "You are jest as liable to be killed in one place as another."

"Mebby I shall be drounded on dry land, Josiah Allen, but I don't believe it."

"Wall," says he, "I guess I'll have another griddle-cake, Samantha."

And as he poured the maple-syrup over it, he added gently, but firmly:

"I shall go, Samantha, to this exertion, and I should be glad to have you present at it, because it seems jest to me as if I should fall overboard durin' the day."

Men are deep. Now that man knew that no amount of religious preachin' could stir me up like that one speech. I went.

We had got to start about the middle of the night, for the lake was 15 miles from Jonesville, and the old mare bein' so slow, we had got to start an hour or two ahead of the rest. I told Josiah that I had jest as lieves set up all night, as to be routed out at two o'clock, but he was so animated and happy at the idee of goin' that he said that we would go to bed before dark, and get as much sleep as we commonly did. So we went to bed with the sun an hour high. And I was truly tired enough to lay down, for I had worked that day almost beyond my strength. But we hadn't

more'n got settled down into the bed, when we heard a buggy stop at the gate, and I got up and peeked through the window, and I see it was visitors come to spend the evenin'. Elder Bamber and his family, and Deacon Dobbins'es folks.

Josiah vowed that he wouldn't stir one step out of that bed that night. But I argued with him pretty sharp, while I was throwin' on my clothes, and I finally got him started up. I thought if I got my clothes all on before they came in, I wouldn't tell 'em that I had been to bed. And I did get all dressed up, even to my handkerchief-pin. And I guess they had been there as much as ten minutes before I thought that I hadn't took my night-cap off. They looked dretful curious at me, but I never said nothin'. But when Josiah come out of the bedroom with what little hair he has got standin' out in every direction, and one of his galluses a-hangin' most to the floor, I up and told 'em. I thought mebby they wouldn't stay long. But Deacon Dobbins'es folks seemed to be all waked up on the subject of religion, and they proposed we should turn it into a kind of a conference meetin'; so they never went home until after ten o'clock.

It was most eleven when Josiah and me got to bed again. And then jest as I was gettin' into a drowse, I heerd the cat in the buttery, and I got up to let her out. And that rousted Josiah up, and he thought he heerd the cattle in the garden, and he got up and went out. And there we was a-marchin' round most all night.

But as bad and wore out as Josiah felt bodily, he was all animated in his mind about what a good time he was goin' to have. I wanted to wear my brown and black gingham and a shaker, but Josiah insisted that I should wear a new lawn dress that he had brought me home as a present. So, to please him, I put it on, and my best bonnet.

And that man, all I could do and say, would put on a pair of pantaloons I had been amakin' for Thomas Jefferson. They was gettin' up a military company to Jonesville, and these pantaloons was blue, with a red stripe down the sides. Josiah took a awful fancy to 'em, and says he:

"I will wear 'em, Samantha; they look so dressy."

Says I: "They hain't hardly done. I was goin' to stitch that red stripe on the left leg on again. They hain't finished as they ort to be, and I would not wear 'em. It looks vain in you."

Says he: "I will wear 'em, Samantha. I will be dressed up for once." So he put 'em on.

I had good vittles, and a sight of 'em. The basket wouldn't hold 'em all, so Josiah had to put a bottle of red rassberry jell into the pocket of his dress-coat, and lots of other little things, such as spoons and knives and forks, in his pantaloons and breast-pockets. He looked like Captain Kidd, armed up to the teeth, and I told him so. But, good land! he would have carried a knife in his mouth if I had asked him to, he felt so neat about goin', and boasted so on what a splendid exertion it was goin' to be.

We got to the lake about eight o'clock. We was about the first ones there, but they kep' a-comin', and before ten o'clock we all got there.

I had made up my mind from the first on't to face trouble, so it didn't put me out so much when Deacon Dobbins, in gettin' into the boat, stepped onto my new lawn dress, and tore a hole in it as big as my two hands, and ripped it half offen the waist. But Josiah got worked up awfully when the wind took his hat off and blew it away out onto the lake.

I did the best I could by him. I pinned on his red bandanna handkerchief onto his head. But as I was a-fixin' it on, I see there was sunthin' more than mortification ailed him. The lake was rough and the boat rocked, and he was beginnin' to be awful sick. He looked deathly. Pretty soon I felt bad, too. Oh! the wretchedness of that time. I have enjoyed poor health considerable in my life, but never did I enjoy so much sickness in so short a time as I did on that pleasure exertion to that island. When we reached there, we was both weak as cats.

Finally, I got so I could walk straight, and sense things a little, and I began to take the things out of my dinner-basket. The butter had all melted and a lot of water had swashed over the side of

the boat, so my cake and cookies looked awfully mixed up. But no worse than the rest of the company's did.

The chicken and cold meat bein' more solid had held together quite well, though it was all very wet and soppy. We didn't feel so animated about eatin' as we should if we hadn't been so sick to our stomachs. But we felt as if we must hurry, for the man that owned the boat said he knew it would rain before night, by the way the sun scalded.

Wall, all of a sudden I thought, where is Josiah? I asked the company wildly if they had seen my companion, Josiah.

They said, "No, they hadn't."

But Celestine Wilkin's little girl says, "I seen him goin' off towards the woods. He acted dretful strange, too; he seemed to be a-walkin' off sideways."

"Had the sufferin's he had undergone made him delirious?" says I to myself; and then I started off on the run towards the woods, and old Miss Bobbet, and Miss Gowdy, and Sister Bamber, and Deacon Dobbins'es wife all rushed after me.

Oh, the agony of them two or three minutes! All of a sudden, on the edge of the woods, we found him. He sot backed up against a tree, in a awful cramped position, with his left leg under him. Miss Gowdy hollered out:

"Oh, here you be. We have been skairt about you. What is the matter?"

He smiled a dretful sick smile, and, says he:

"Oh, I thought I would come out here and meditate a spell. It was always a real treat to me to meditate."

Says I, "What is the matter, Josiah Allen?"

"I am a-meditatin', Samantha."

Says I, "Do you come down and jine the company this minute, Josiah Allen."

The wimmen happened to be a-lookin' the other way for a minute, and he looked at me as if he would take my head off, and made the strangest motions towards 'em; but the minute they looked at him he would pretend to smile, that deathly smile.

Says I, "Come, Josiah Allen, we're goin' to get dinner right away, for we are afraid it will rain."

"Oh, wall," says he, "a little rain, more or less, hain't a-goin' to hender a man from meditatin'."

Says I, "Do you stop meditatin' this minute, Josiah Allen!"

Says he, "I won't stop, Samantha. I let you have your way a good deal of the time; but when I take it into my head to meditate, you hain't a goin' to break it up."

Jest at that minute they called to me from the shore and we had to start off. But, oh! the gloom of my mind. Had the sufferin's of the night added to the trials of the day made him crazy? I thought more'n as likely as not I had got a luny on my hands for the rest of my days.

The distress of that pleasure exertion! But I kep' to work, and when we had got dinner most ready, I went back to call Josiah again. Old Miss Bobbet said she would go with me. So we started up the hill.

Says I, "Come, Josiah Allen, dinner is ready."

"Oh! I hain't hungry," says he. "The table will probable be full. I had jest as lieves wait."

"Table full!" says I. "You know jest as well as I do that we are eatin' on the ground. Do you come and eat your dinner this minute!"

"Yes, do come," says Miss Bobbet, "we can't get along without you."

"Oh! I have got plenty to eat here—I can eat muskeeters."

The air was black with 'em, I couldn't deny it.

"The muskeeters will eat you more likely," says I. "Look at your face and hands; they are all covered with 'em."

"Yes, they have eat considerable of a dinner out of me, but I don't begrech 'em. I hain't small encugh, nor mean enough, I hope, to begrech 'em one good meal."

Miss Bobbet started off, and after she had got out of sight, Josiah whispered to me:

"Can't you bring forty or fifty more wimmen up here? You couldn't come here a minute, could you, without a lot of other wimmen tight to your heels?"

It seems he had sot down on that bottle of rassberry jell. That

red stripe on the side wasn't hardly finished, as I said, and I hadn't fastened my thread properly, so when he got to pullin' at 'em to try to wipe off the jell, the thread started, and bein' sewed on a machine, that seam jest ripped right open from top to bottom. Wall, I pinned 'em up as wall as I could, and I didn't say a word to hurt his feelin's, only I jest said this to him:

"Josiah Allen, is this pleasure?"

"Throw that in my face again, will you? There goes a pin into my leg! I should think I had suffered enough without your stabbin' of me with pins."

I fixed 'em as wall as I could, but they looked pretty bad. Finally, I told him I would put my shawl onto him. So I doubled it up corner-ways as big as I could, and he walked back to the table with me. So he told the company he always loved to wear summer shawls; he thought it made a man look so dressy.

But he looked as if he would sink all the time he was a-sayin' it. He was sick all the way back to the shore, and so was I. And jest as we got into our wagons and started for home the rain began to pour down. The wind turned our old umbrell inside out in no time. I says to Josiah:

"This bonnet and dress are spilt, Josiah Allen, and I shall have to buy some new ones."

"Wall! wall! who said you wouldn't?" he snapped out.

And there we jest sot and suffered. The rain poured down; the wind howled at us; the old mare went slow; the rheumatiz laid holt of both of us; and the thought of the new bonnet and dress was a-wearin' on Josiah, I knew. I did speak once, as he leaned forward, with the rain drippin' offen his bandanna handkerchief. I says to him in stern tones:

"Is this pleasure, Josiah Allen?"

As we drove up to our doorstep, and as he helped me out into a mud puddle, I says to him:

"Mebby you'll hear me another time, Josiah Allen."

And I'll bet he will. I hain't afraid to bet a ten-cent bill that that man won't never open his mouth to me about a pleasure exertion again.

WITHDRAWN

THDRAWN

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